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1/=

The Sketch

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The Sketch

No. 2140.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

PERSIAN LAMB AND PANCAKE.

MISS SUZANNE HOOD, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Neville Hood, C.M.G., D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Neville Hood, and cousin of the present Viscount Hood, is a débutante of 1934. She is wearing one of the "pancake" hats so popular this season, and a pair of gloves made of Persian lamb.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

SAUSAGES.

A CRY of distress has gone up about sausages. The matter deserves our earnest attention, for sausages are a matter of national concern. It is true that the spiritual home of the sausage is across the Rhine; England would never attempt to compete with Germany in variety, abundance and dimensions of sausages. The English sausage is a modest affair, a mere mouthful for a person of hearty appetite; you cannot (as you can abroad) cut it off by the yard and feed whole families upon it. It is innocent of garlic and seldom (I speak not now of the Black Pudding) contains those dark, mysterious ingredients which, on the Continent, provide so much material for interesting speculation. Nor is it to be found reposing on great mounds of Sauerkraut; simple "mash" is good enough for a British sausage, and mustard is all that is needed to complete its natural piquancy. No, there is nothing pretentious, nothing which one would describe exactly as "for ever England" about our sausages; nevertheless, we attach due importance to them, and any serious loss of morale among sausages would undoubtedly cause widespread concern, and, if allowed to go too far, might seriously embarrass the Government.

The issue has been raised by a newspaper correspondent who signs himself, significantly, "Grass Widower." It is a common experience among grass widowers that, when they have exhausted all the possibilities of sardines, herrings in tomato sauce, salmon, sheep's tongues, and bully beef, they begin to yearn for cooked meat; and there is a popular belief that the most easily cooked form of meat is a sausage. "Grass Widower" has found this to be a mere superstition. In cooking, he asserts, one sausage differeth from another in glory. "Some stand the fiery ordeal well, and retain their dignity and shape to the last; others shrink alarmingly; while others burst their skins and show their insides in most shameless fashion." Well, at least it ought to be some satisfaction to know that they have nothing to conceal.

But what may be called frying-pan form is not the only point in which this interested observer finds great diversity among sausages. Some, he says, have a deathly pallor, others have kept that school-girl complexion. Some have a smooth, silken skin, others a wrinkled and freckled appearance, as if they were already worried by the thought of their impending fate. Is there not, this amateur housekeeper asks, some standard of uniformity among sausages? Is there not some means by which the purchaser of sausages may know beforehand exactly how each sausage will look, what it will contain, and how it will behave?

The mere question is, I fear, very typical of the modern spirit. Why this passion for dull, prosaic, soulless uniformity among sausages? Must *everything* be standardised, down to the very complexion of our breakfast fare? I sincerely hope not. I trust that there will always be some sausages which are grey, and some which are pink—as far as that goes, I do not mind if some of them are black or brown; though, as a matter of personal taste, I do feel that gentlemen prefer blondes in this matter as in others. I trust, likewise, that there will always be long sausages and short sausages, fat ones and thin ones, sausages in neat little bundles and sausages in chains or strings, in the manner of the harlequinade. To my mind, the world would be the poorer if there were not a certain amount of exciting uncertainty about sausages—except, perhaps, in the matter of age. Youth I regard as an indispensable attraction in a sausage. Abroad they may go in for the mummified variety, but not in England. In all other respects I feel that sausages should be given free scope for self-expression, and there is nothing in the modern State more depressing than the tendency to turn everything out like sausages, and to reduce even the sausages to one tedious pattern.

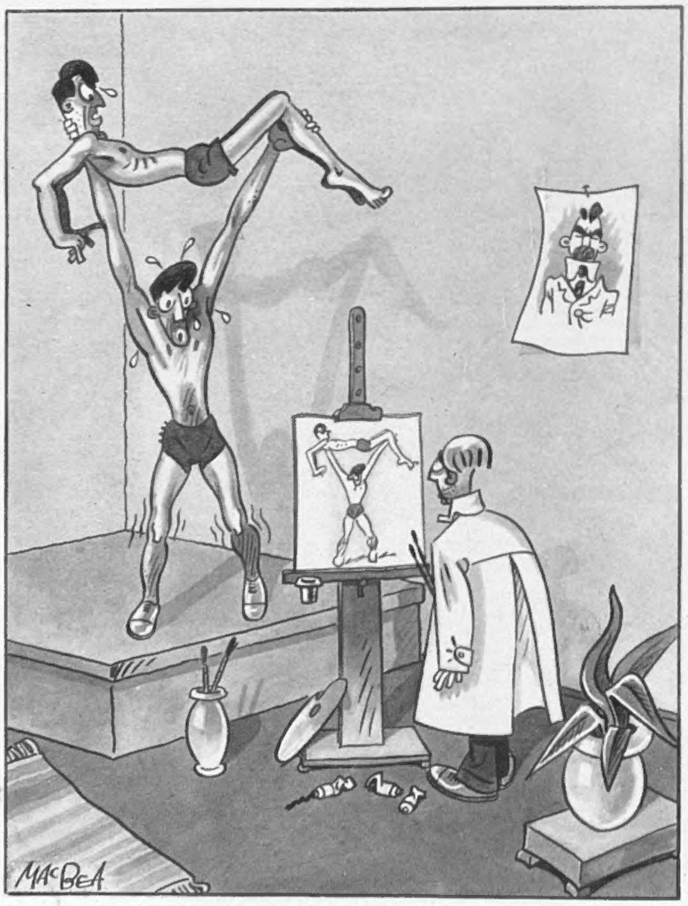
"Grass Widower's" cry of the heart has elicited a lot of valuable information from those who claim to have expert knowledge of the sausage. The most interesting and surprising fact which has been brought to light is that a pork sausage contains an appreciable quantity of pork. In these days of synthetic substitutes, this was almost too much to hope for, and the information may not be altogether welcome to the many who have found pork in its other forms hostile to their digestions. However, everybody must have suspected that there is a great deal in a sausage besides meat, digestible or indigestible, porcine, bovine, or canine; there is, for example, the stuff which unites the meat into one perfect, homogeneous whole. This *may* be meal, or (it is now revealed) it may be coagulated bread-crumbs or clotted biscuit powder; but whether it be any of these three substances, or whether it be plaster-of-Paris or reinforced concrete, all authorities agree that it *must* contain the right spices, and that none of these is so essential as a particular kind of aromatic sage. We are not told by what process of inquiry or analysis we can ensure that our sausages contain, not "the ordinary sort of sage with a velvety leaf," but "a rarer kind with a shiny and more pointed leaf." As for the behaviour of the sausage in the pan, it appears that the most important point is to use kindness and moral suasion rather than haste and violence; for example, we are told never to attack a sizzling sausage with a fork, "for it is found to retaliate by spitting fat at you and bursting before your eyes." There is something touching about this last spirited protest of the sausage, for it will not be long before it is quite inert and powerless before the fork; which is sad for the sausage, but how excellent for the fork-wielder!

"THE SKETCH" SILVER PRINTS.

Every week the enthusiasm for our Silver Prints increases. It will be remembered that we began this series of our film favourites, printed by an entirely new method, with a study of Miss Jean Harlow in blue and silver, and followed with others of the Misses Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver, with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, and Mae West. This week we give a study of Miss Katharine Hepburn, of "Little Women" and other fame. And next week we shall publish one of

MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.

We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture, in which such an extraordinary effect is obtained by the use of silver ink, to place their orders with their newsagents, without delay, to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.



THE ARTIST: "Sorry, gentlemen! I must have a moment's rest. Painting is an exhausting business."

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

THE BECTIVES— IN SHOW-ROOM AND NURSERY.

The EARL OF BECTIVE is the elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, and is the managing-director of an electrical company. He is seen in the show-room of his business, with the COUNTESS OF BECTIVE.

LADY OLIVIA TAYLOUR is fond of her rocking-horse. In family circles, she is considered the image of her grandfather, the Marquess of Headfort.

LORD KENLIS has asked for a second cup of this excellent tea, at the party for two in their Eaton Square nursery.

LORD KENLIS is learning to tricycle. He is strikingly like his charming mother.

The COUNTESS OF BECTIVE, who was the widow of Sir Rupert Clarke, Bt., before her marriage to Lord Bective, is reflected in the mirrors of the bath-room she designed.

SNOW ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

Setting off from Corviglia on a snowy afternoon. CAPTAIN ARCHIE CRABBE, Scots Guards, with MR. RALPH HAWKES, who was second in the Curzon Cup, and had received the Cup that morning; and (in the background) SIR ALFRED BEIT, BT.

LADY MARJORIE DALRYMPLE - HAMILTON is the elder of the Earl of Leicester's daughters, and the sister of the Countess of Airlie. Her husband is one of the curling stars, and they are at St. Moritz.

The HON. JACK MITFORD, the youthful-looking "veteran" Cresta rider, is posed at St. Moritz with the very attractive MME. DE VALDÉS, wife of the First Secretary to the Spanish Embassy in London.

THERE'S more slush than snow where I'm writing—Innsbruck—and a deep Scotch mist, but temporarily unattractive conditions fail to detract from Tirol's charm. I've always wanted to see Austria, but never altogether believed those who paint it as a land of aristocratic memories, subservient peasantry, and charm. We moderns have had so many socks on the jaw (to be raw) since we were bombed in our prams that it's difficult to go on believing in that nebulous quality possessed by the characters of Michael Arlen, and generally, much too generally, labelled "charm." We've been told that bad actresses and good hostesses, and vague ballets, and definite resorts, and even ourselves have it (not to be confused with "It" patented by Mrs. E. Glyn), which is why "charming" is a discredited adjective, though not yet so old-fashioned as "marvellous," which went out with the Astaire song, or "topping," which went out with the First Hundred Thousand.

There's something so gentle about Tirol. I came prepared to be nauseated by "White Horse Inn" costumes and "Autumn Crocus" scenery, feeling there had been one too many Tirolean Parties, and far too many jokes about yodellers. I didn't really want to leave St. Moritz, where Things Happen, for Kitzbühl, where Things Might Happen, but am already converted. The first half-hour did it. In Switzerland the guard was officious about smoking in our third-class "*Nichtraucher,*" and punched the tickets every twenty minutes. In Austria, an official, wearing a lantern with a lighted candle in it, asked if we would be so polite as to tell him whether our tickets had already been punched, and, bowing deeply, saluted and withdrew. That's what I call Service.

It's a long and weary journey from St. Moritz, where Jack Mitford was on the platform, with a pale-blue polo jersey to match his eyes, and riding breeches; and so was Mme. Valdés, the lively wife of the First Secretary at the Spanish Embassy. Avril Imeretinsky was catching a London train, seen off by Richard Philpott, and Tunie Karri-Davies, whose brother Walter had mumps at Sestrières and plans a St. Moritz convalescence. Jack reported Lord Tyrrell and Mrs. Holman as Suvretta's latest arrivals, while my last glimpse of the Palace Bar showed Archie Crabbe (one of the most popular Third Guards, and rightly), with the delightful Hugh Kindersleys and the Jimmy Weirs, perched among *consommateurs.*

Mr. (late Commander) Weir is Lord Weir's brother, and the greatest air pioneer in Scotland. He has his own aerodrome in Ayrshire (not a pun), and is largely responsible for the initiative Scotland shows in developing new routes, and possessing two remarkable Auxiliary Squadrons, though these are commanded respectively by younger men—Lord Clydesdale and "Hyltie" Murray Philipson, who have both been on the sick list lately. Let's drink their healths in the *vin* of whichever *pays* we're drinking in.

Lord Warwick's immense farewell dinner coincided with the Curzon Cup Auction in the Embassy—I remember Miss Ena Borland looking nice, next Commander "Jimmy" Dugdale, whose five main points were

in plaster; Kirke Macomber collecting entrants for his cup and guests for his cocktail-party afterwards. There were more of the latter, you 'll be surprised to know. By Kirke was Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien, who 's pretty and as dark as her opposite number, Betty Colclough, is fair. Billie Reardon had some new wise-cracks, and Drogo Montagu wore a black velvet *smoking*—not new. Afterwards, Colonel Freddie Cripps's syndicate paid well over two thousand Swiss francs to win well under three thousand (five and a half to one on, boys), for Holland Moritz, who, unlike four-legged favourites, won comfortably. Jack Heaton stayed up beyond his bedtime hour (naughty-naughty), dancing with Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, and was third in this great event. I suspect Jack of being tired of winning everything and secretly ski-ing mad. He does Corviglia Station to Varsity Finish in three minutes now. Hot going. All the fast fellows (not meaning what you mean, of course) do it in under seven minutes, and stop-watches are the latest rage. I caught Stanley Mortimer doing mystery practice when no one was looking, disguised in a college cap; whether Yale or Harvard I 'm too insular to know.

COMMANDER the HON. JAMES and MRS. WEIR and MR. HUGH KINDERSLEY are setting out for a ski-ing expedition at St. Moritz. Commander Weir is Lord Weir's air-minded brother, and has his own aerodrome in Ayrshire. Mr. Hugh Kindersley is a son of Sir Robert Kindersley.

NEWS ITEMS. Baron Gourgaud and Prince Armand d'Arenberg headed the Paris invasion which is too wise to come in January, when weather 's seldom settled. Lady Marjorie Hamilton and Jacqueline Vereker (in grey flannels) will stay into February—always THE month. Hamar Bagnall and Leonard Govett are on Corviglia now. The torchlight bob meeting resulted in those who had intended to win winning. This usually happens now. We wonder what will happen when Hubert Martineau withdraws his financial support, and his hard-working efforts to run bobbing on public-school lines. I understand most of the properties, such as bobs, boblets, etc., belong to him, and, of course, he has given the majority of cups. We can't think of anyone else off-hand who would strive to run it as a sportsmanlike concern, without hope of personal gain. Sometimes I wonder how much longer the Bobsleigh Club will survive—there are fewer late-nighters now, more simple-lifers, and less cash available for the craze.

Before leaving I decided to give a cup (from Cartier, of course) to Mrs. Freddie Cripps for possessing more personality than any woman in the Palace, and another to Lord Warwick for having one of the sweetest natures imaginable, and a gold cow-bell to David Grainger for giving the best Steffani party in Jan., and a replica of the Watson Cup to Freddie Cameron. Luckily, the train left before I had time to buy all these items.

INNSBRUCK. The European Skating Championship was scheduled 20th and 21st, but thaw switched the event to Seefeld. This meant getting up at six, after arriving late the night before. I was so sleepy when we mustered (competitors and their camp followers) at the station that I loaded my camera backwards—always a bad omen. Sure enough, it snowed all day, and there were thirteen competitors, wavy ice, and some tense moments. It 's usual for each competitor to have a judge of his nationality, so if a Chinese went in, a Chinese judge would have to be fetched from Pekin by air-mail. Much the handsomest and best-turned-out competitors were Henrion and Jackie Dunn, who, at barely seventeen, is quite an Adonis. He got a lot of good-luck telegrams, including one from his great-aunt, Mrs. Ralph Philipson, the former Baroness de Knoop.

Another competitor of interest was Patrick Low (third in the British Championship last year), who went in for the Junior International, but not the European. He 's working for an exam., so it was a real effort to rush out from London for a few days; but he radiated enjoyment, even in the snow-storm. (Note: "brackets" and "rockers" are useful words in figure-skating "shop," for the outsider to recognise, and "axle" is another of frequent occurrence.) On the second morning it cleared, and we could see snow-laden forests from the train, and imagine high mountains behind veils of cloud; also begin to realise how different this wooded land of chalets is from the Engadine, though the great River Inn now winding through the plain rises in the lake of St. Moritz.

MR. and the HON. MRS. DEWHURST are honeymooning at St. Moritz. She was Miss Irene Dewar, and is the daughter of the late Lord Forteviot and of Margaret, Lady Forteviot.

MRS. HUGH KINDERSLEY is seated in St. Moritz sunshine. She is the delightful wife of Sir Robert Kindersley's elder son, and was Miss Nan Boyd, of Toronto.

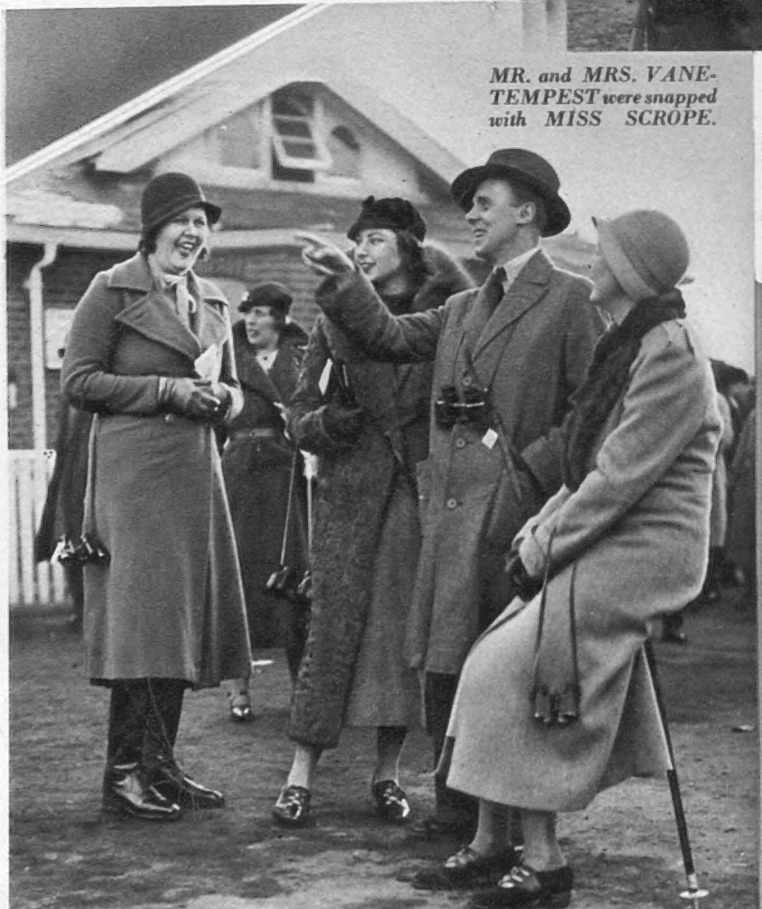
At Seefeld the village band played us to the rink, dressed in green coats white stockings, black knickerbockers, felt hats with white feathers aft, wide belts with names embroidered, scarlet facings, and purple waistcoats. The village idiot, in rags, sold programmes and capered in front, drawing peals of laughter. The church bells pealed too, and the shop-windows were full of long pipes with coloured views on their china bowls, and absurd Tirolean toys, made with a puckish sense of humour. Behind the band the drum was trundled on a painted trolley, and from a Madonna-blue house, with dark-brown wooden windows, a woman shouted "*Gruss Gott*" to a friend in the procession. It was all so joyous and "*gemütlich*" I nearly cried.

NEWBURY IN WINTER SUNSHINE.

Some people watch the horses parading in the ring in the paddock—others, like MRS. PETER HORLICK (l.), spend the time between races in conversation with Lady Ursula Stewart.

MISS N. ROSE and MR. CHRISTIAN-SMITH were prepared for cold weather.

MR. and MRS. VANE-TEMPEST were snapped with MISS SCROPE.

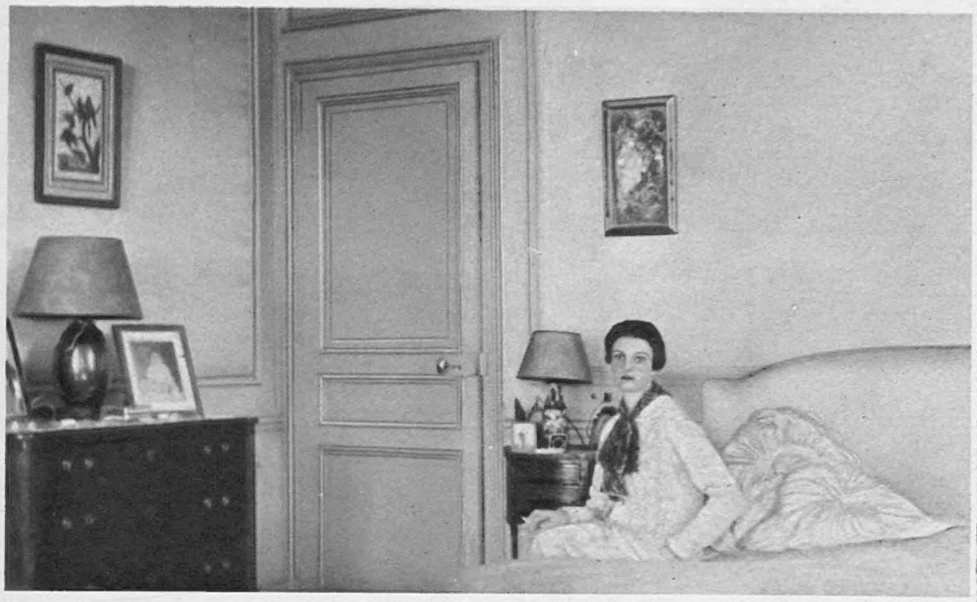


LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER, MRS. D. A. JACKSON, and MRS. QUINTIN GILBEY (r.) are all registering amusement at MR. QUINTIN GILBEY'S remarks.

The Newbury Meeting was held in pleasant winter sunshine. MISS CHAPMAN, MISS CHRISTIAN, and MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON were junior enthusiasts present. Miss Henderson, younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson, is a 1934 "bud."

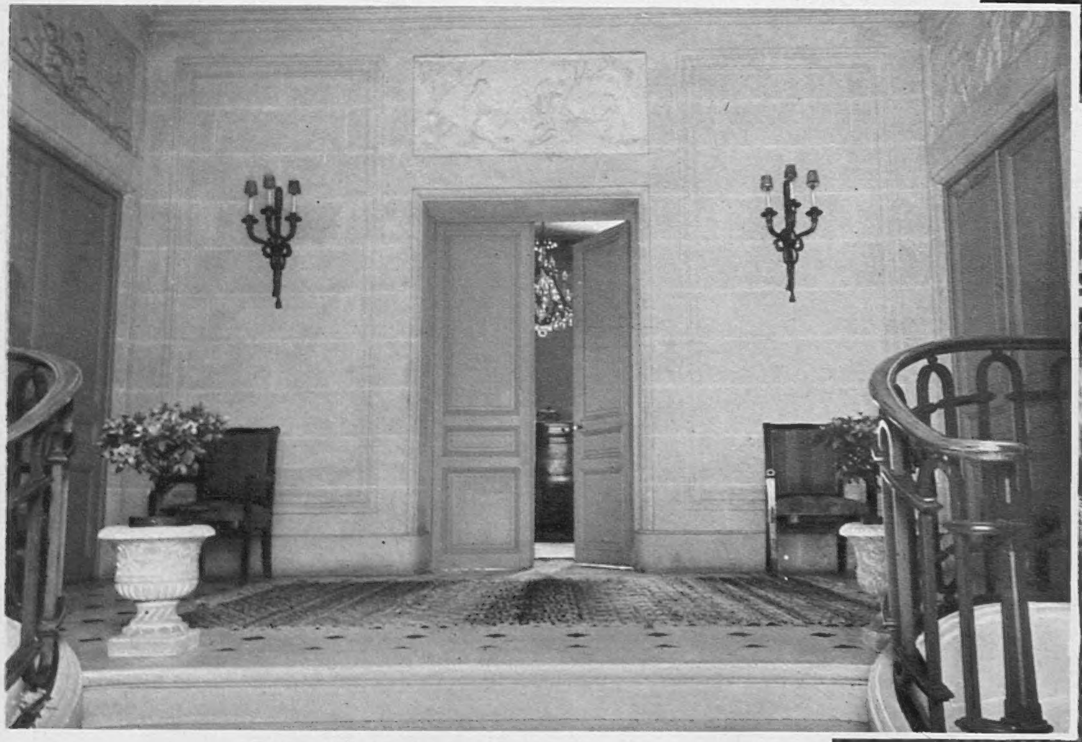
This group shows CAPTAIN LUCAS, the EARL OF NORMANTON and LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. Lady Willoughby was Miss Rachel Wrey.

THE REWARD OF THE BEST-SELLER: THE MICHAEL ARLENS AT CANNES.

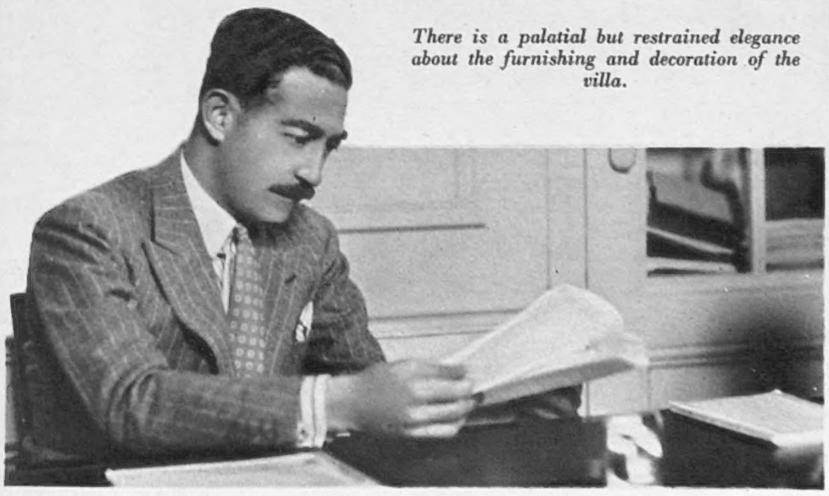


MRS. ARLEN, wife of that best-seller novelist, Michael Arlen, is posed in the drawing-room of their Villa Bella Vista, Cannes. She was Countess Atalanta Mercati before her marriage in 1928.

Though the Arlens live at Cannes, there is an air of English comfort about the interior of their villa.



There is a palatial but restrained elegance about the furnishing and decoration of the villa.



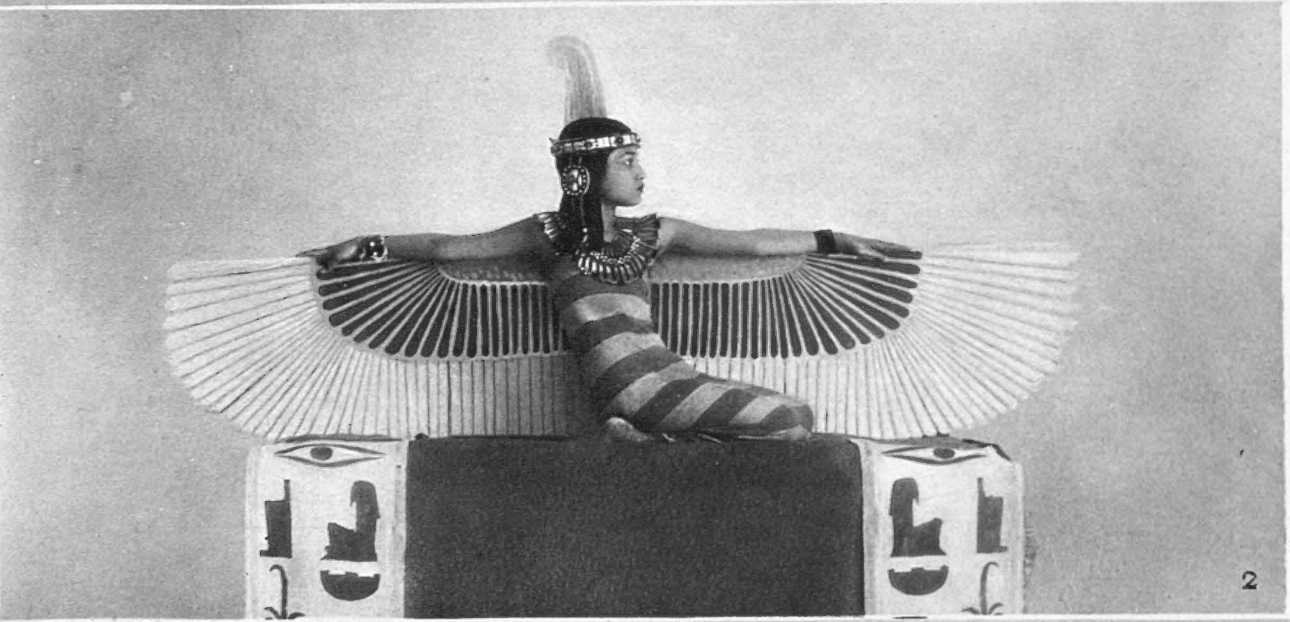
MR. MICHAEL ARLEN was born in Bulgaria, of Armenian parents, but was educated in England, and has long been naturalised. He changed his patronymic of Kouyoumdjian to the simpler "Arlen" by deed poll.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. O. HOPPÉ.

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN is posed with his young son in the garden of his villa. The Arlen best-sellers include "The Green Hat." "Man's Mortality" is his most recent book.

LIVING NEFERTARI, NAKHET, AND THOTHMES III. TOMB-FIGURES.

1

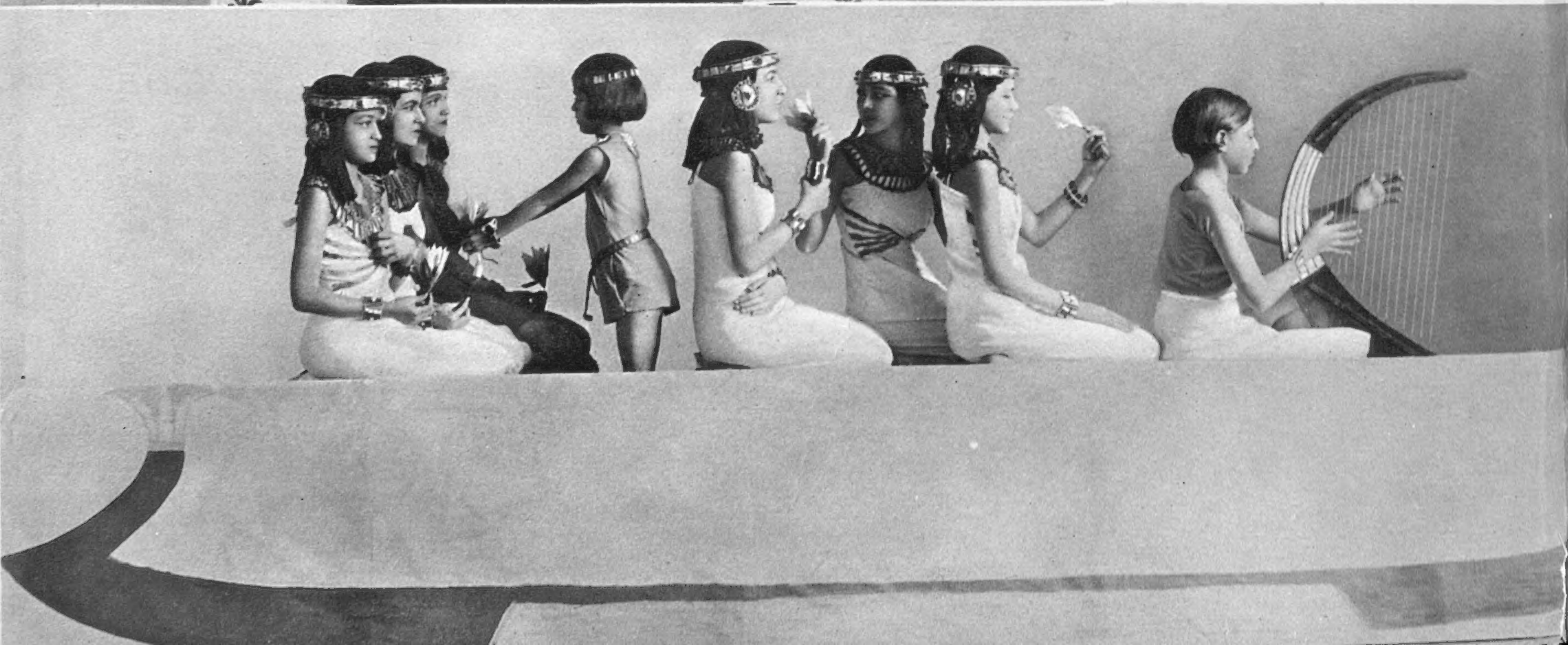


2

1. Egyptian girl students of the Royal Muhammad Ali School, Cairo, are posed as their ancestors, representing a wall-painting of the tomb of QUEEN NEFERTARI, wife of Rameses II. and "godmother" of the Hon. Nefertari Bethell. The Queen is making offerings to the Gods Hathor and Selkis and to the winged Goddess of Truth, Maat.

2. A modern Egyptian girl student as Maat; from a painting on the walls of the Tomb of Thothmes III.

3. Young modern Egyptians posed as a painting of the blind harpist from the tomb of Nakhet.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

NEFERTARI — A DÉBUTANTE NAMED AFTER RAMESES II.'S QUEEN.

The HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell and sister of young Lord Westbury, is one of the most important 1934 débutantes. She is named after Queen Nefertari, wife of Rameses II. and his favourite Queen, because her father, the late Hon. Richard Bethell, who died in 1929, was an Egyptologist. He acted as secretary to Mr. Howard Carter, and was concerned in the excavation of Tutankhamen's tomb. Miss Bethell is to have her coming-out ball given at Ham House, the historic Richmond home of her great-uncle, Lord Dysart.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

THE LEAPING SALMON in this remarkable photograph, taken at Ringwood Mill, on the Avon, shows an old cock fish making a gallant effort to reach the spawning grounds.

A Difficult Pass on the Avon.

The salmon shown in the photographs reproduced on this page are attempting to leap into the lower basin of the salmon ladder on the Avon at Ringwood. This ladder seems to offer great difficulty to the fish, and many are badly injured in attempting the leap, falling on to the cement ledge below the outlet. The Electricity Supply Co. which controls the water here, has since fitted an iron chute to the outlet, but the fish do not appear to appreciate this consideration. I was told by an expert, who has seen the pass, that certain alterations might make it more effective. The older generation of local fishermen are of the opinion that the salmon had less difficulty in ascending the old wooden ladder. Numbers of salmon spawn in a tributary stream below Ringwood, but some make use of the ladder, without doubt. In fact, my friend Dr. Arthur Holmes informs me that a pair of spawning salmon appeared just above the bridge over the Avon in Salisbury at the New Year week-end — the first time he had ever seen salmon there.

Salmon Ladders.

While I was talking, a day or two ago, with Mr. W. J. M. Menzies, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland, he mentioned that he had just finished a paper on low salmon passes, which will be published shortly by the Fishery Board for Scotland. In due course this paper will be followed by one on high passes, but Mr. Menzies will not complete the latter until he can include particulars of the two most recent high passes which have been constructed. One of these is forty feet and the other one hundred feet high, and though both are now operating, there has not yet been a run of salmon to test their efficiency. Mr. Menzies' predecessor in office, Mr. W. L. Calderwood, also wrote two useful papers on salmon passes, and is now acting as expert adviser to the Galloway Water Power Co., which is responsible for the higher of the two passes mentioned above. Mr. Calderwood intends to stock with trout one of the reservoirs which the company is constructing.

The provision of adequate salmon passes or ladders on our rivers is of the greatest importance. Furunculosis—the disease which has caused such havoc among salmon and sea - trout of recent years — is intensified by obstructions impeding the passage of fish to the spawning-grounds. There are few rivers which can boast really satisfactory passes over all obstructions, and there is ample scope for the expert knowledge of men with the experience of Mr. Calderwood and Mr. Menzies.

The photographer caught a SALMON LEAPING IN THE WASH FROM THE HATCH, at Ringwood Mill, on the River Avon. It has misjudged the leap and will be swept back into the pool—to try, try again!

Wonderful Grayling-Fishing in Jutland.

My indefatigable angling friend, Mr. H. G. Lawson-Johnston, who kindly keeps me informed of his angling ventures and excursions, has just returned from a business trip to Copenhagen. Needless to say, his rods and tackle accompanied him, and he was able to spend a few hours grayling - fishing on the River Skern Aa, in Jutland. In these few hours he had the finest bag of grayling he has ever taken, and as the river also provides excellent trout-fishing in season, his experience is of particular interest. It reminds me that, not long ago, I was told that there are very good trout and salmon rivers in Jutland which are little known, and consequently, very seldom fished.

Having disposed of his business, Mr. Lawson-Johnston paid a visit to Mr. Lausen's attractive estate at Clasonsborg, about one-and-a-half hours' journey by car north of the Port of Esbjerg. Here he was entertained most kindly by his Danish host and hostess, both of whom speak English fluently. Starting off to fish at 11 o'clock, Mr. Lawson-Johnston found the river running clear over a gravelly and sandy bottom and fishable from the bank. A strong downstream wind made dry-fly impossible, so a wet-fly cast was mounted. After catching a few grayling, a change was made to a larger fly and only one used on the cast.

By 3 o'clock Mr. Lawson-Johnston had twenty-two grayling averaging 1 lb. apiece, the largest being 1¾ lb., and he had returned eight or ten small fish to the water. During the day he saw two salmon weighing about 16 lb. and 12 lb. respectively, but very few trout, as they were up the small streams spawning. Mr. Lawson-Johnston considers that the fishing to be had in Denmark is well worth the journey across the North Sea from London to Esbjerg, which takes twenty-six hours. There are many fishing associations in the different districts, and fishing permits are easily obtained. The Danes appear to pay more attention to the pike-fishing, especially round Copenhagen. Mr. Emil Henius, of that city, holds the gold medal for the record pike for his club — a twenty - seven pounder.

Best Catch of Salmon in 1933.

Seeing in *The Sketch* of Jan. 10, 1934, the photograph of a ghillie breaking the ice to land a salmon — which I described as one of the best "action" pictures of salmon-fishing I had seen—my friend Major R. A. Chrystal sent me a photograph he took last August on the famous Grimersta River in the Isle of Lewis. This river is famous for the record number of salmon taken by one angler in a day—fifty-four salmon by Mr. Naylor in 1888. A comparison between the two pictures reveals a striking resemblance in the attitudes of the anglers and ghillies. As action pictures, there is little to choose between them. My reason for the heading of this note is that in twelve days on the Grimersta last August "one rod" had sixty-nine salmon. If this is not the best catch in last year's depressing season I would be interested to hear of a better one, and to know if they can supply it! The two anglers, who must have been well appeal to *Sketch* readers "one rod" was shared by satisfied with their sport.

R. L. MARSTON.

COCK'S FEATHERS, MONKEY-FUR, AND MUFF AT THE GRANTHAM BALL.

A supper-time snapshot of CAPTAIN BUXTON, LADY BROWNLOW, and CAPTAIN BULL. Lady Brownlow was Miss Kitty Kinloch. Her husband, Lord Brownlow was a member of the Ball Committee, and they brought a party.

LADY CONYERS and MAJOR JACKSON are enjoying a good laugh. She is the wife of Lord Conyers, and was Miss Nancye Brocklehurst.

LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY, daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, wore a short white fur jacket with monkey-fur trimming. She is with MR. SEYMOUR.

MISS CHRISTA PARAVICINI is sitting out with MR. BUXTON.

MRS. WILLIAM SEELY wore a cock's feather ruffle at the GRANTHAM HOSPITAL BALL. She is talking to her brother-in-law, MR. JAMES SEELY.

(Right) MISS FAITH BALDWIN, MR. PETER GIBSON, and MISS PRIMROSE SALT. The last-named carried a muff, but pushed it up over her elbow for this photograph.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. I.—G. B. STERN.

Everyone has gone through some bad moments during the course of his or her life. Sometimes the time of trial has been short and terrifying; on other occasions it has been long and humiliating. With this series, "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the Worst Moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MISS G. B. STERN, the well-known novelist and playwright, is the first to go into the "confessional." She is the author of "The Matriarch," "Tents of Israel," and various other books and plays.

MISS G. B. STERN sat down in the hammock in the garden of her bungalow at Santa Monica, on the Pacific, an hour's distance from Los Angeles. It was evening, and her long day at one of the Hollywood film studios where, as authoress, she was fulfilling her contract, was over. Gratefully she lit a cigarette and lay back in the hammock to contemplate the setting sun.

It was stiflingly hot and the air seemed difficult to breathe, lying on the lungs like lead. The atmospheric pressure was unbearably high, seeming to crush every thing under its humid weight. It had been like this for over a week; there appeared to be no end to this grey, stuffy, torrid weather.

In vain Miss Stern, lying in her hammock, prayed that it might become a little cooler as night fell. With the setting of the sun the atmosphere became closer than ever, and a flaming red sky triumphantly proclaimed that the end of purgatory was not yet at hand.

Suddenly Miss Stern sat bolt upright and gasped. Her hand trembled slightly as she removed the cigarette from her lips. In the sky was the ill-omened "red finger." A column of flame seemed to be rising from the horizon up to high in the heavens. It looked like the scarlet finger of some monster hand, lifted in dreadful warning against the doom that was approaching.

It did not last long; night fell half an hour later, but it left Miss Stern with a strange feeling of some impending catastrophe. Nor was this uneasiness confined to her alone. She noticed her servants whispering in corners.

But by the next morning, when she woke, the feeling of apprehension had disappeared, and in its place was one of curious excitement. Miss Stern felt that something good and thrilling was going to happen to her personally that very day. The feeling persisted through breakfast and the drive from Santa Monica to the studios.

MISS G. B. STERN, the distinguished novelist and playwright, is the first to disclose her secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers.

But it proved to be a very trying day. There was an inevitable atmosphere of tension in Hollywood. A few days before, every bank in America had closed its doors to its clients—suddenly, without a vestige of warning, so that many people were left with little or no ready cash. Some of the studios had temporarily ceased work; the money question was becoming intensely acute. On this particular day there were mass meetings of actors and studio technicians. There was no danger of hysteria, so far, as everyone was behaving remarkably well; but signs of overdone cheerfulness betrayed that the strain was beginning to crack the surface.

"I 've had an awful day at the studio," Miss Stern said to her secretary when she returned in the evening. "And that extraordinary feeling I had this morning has gone. There 's nothing to it. I feel worn out and I 'm going to have a bath."

The thought of the bath relieved Miss Stern's depression slightly. The hygienic whiteness of the tiles was a refreshing contrast to the dusty studios, with all their paint blistering in the fierce sun. The chromium-plated taps busily pouring a foaming cascade of water into the bath seemed to be the first friendly things she had seen that day. Soon she could lie immersed in refreshing, soothing water. Life at that moment seemed to have possibilities, after all. Perhaps that was what she had had the feeling about, that morning.

Miss Stern put one foot into the bath. Ah, that was better. How soothing the water felt! This was going to be sheer delight. Then chaos came. The monster hand which had warned the world the night before was now a mailed fist, and it struck a fearful blow. The earth shook at the impact and trembled.

Miss Stern suddenly felt the bath heave and rock under her feet. Her mind worked at lightning speed. She was having a heart attack. The day, with all its heat and worry, had been too much for her.

The next moment she was thrown violently to the tiled floor. The water swilled out of the bath over her. Miss Stern's brain was still functioning with icy clarity. She realised that her heart was perfectly sound and that it was actually the bath that was rocking, and with it, the floor and the house—and even the earth.

It was an earthquake.

Obviously, the first thing was to get out of the house. In earthquakes ceilings fell down on people and houses collapsed.

Miss Stern struggled to her feet; the floor was still swaying under her. With great difficulty she reached her bed-room and made her way to the French windows leading into the garden. At the window she hesitated—she had no clothes on; earthquake or no earthquake, she couldn't go out as she was. Memory sent her a swift procession of pictures from illustrated newspapers, showing crowds, huddled together in the street all night, during previous earthquakes. Even through the stress and bewilderment of the moment her sense of humour prevailed. She simply could *not* huddle, dressed in nothing at all.

With one hand on the door-handle, she reflected that if anyone had told her beforehand that during an earthquake, she would risk her life hunting about for a fur coat to cover her nakedness, she would never have believed it.

Miss Stern turned. What was she to wear? There was no time to put her clothes on again. Oh, this delay—what could she wrap round her?

Inspiration came at that moment in the shape of a folded blue blanket lying, most fortunately, on the bed. Almost before she realised what she was doing, she had wrapped it round her and rushed into the garden.

After the first feeling of glorious freedom and the intense relief of managing to get out of the house before it fell in (which it never did), Miss Stern's emotion was that of extreme annoyance.

She had been about to have an enjoyable and much-needed bath, and she had been interrupted.

In high dudgeon she sat down in the hammock near where her household were already assembled and proclaimed in cold, distinct tones:

"I dislike this rather more than anything that has ever happened, to me."

Then, suddenly it dawned on her that she was talking to herself, sitting in a hammock in front of her servants, draped only in a blue blanket.

Then she laughed.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

1. *The* HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER *is the second daughter of* MRS. THEODORE WESSEL *and of the late Lord Churston. She is a 1934 débutante.*
2. MISS ALINE ELLICE, *younger daughter of Mr. W. H. Ellice, of Ewhurst Manor, is engaged to Mr. Arthur Charles Huntington, Grenadier Guards.*
3. MISS CLEMENTINE MITFORD, *a débutante, is the younger daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Mitford and of Lady Helen Nutting.*
4. MISS CECILIA HORE-RUTHVEN *is the elder daughter of Mr. C. Hore-Ruthven. She is engaged to Mr. William Herbert Harrison.*
5. LADY CECILIA WELLESLEY, *a débutante of the year, is the second daughter of Clare, Countess Cowley.*
6. *The* HON. MRS. PETER AITKEN *was formerly Miss Janet MacNeill. She married Lord Beaverbrook's younger son at St. Columba's, Church of Scotland.*
7. MISS KATHARINE TENNANT, *daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is engaged to Major Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture.*

COMING OUT; AND GETTING MARRIED.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. NORMAN WARTON JOHNSON—FOR BEING A GOLDEN HAWK WHO CAN CARVE DOVES WHILE IN TRAINING FOR FREE-STYLE WRESTLING.

SOME artists have to wrestle to get inspiration; MR. NORMAN WARTON JOHNSON does so for fun. He is known in the wrestling world as the "Golden Hawk" of Liverpool; and was due to appear at Olympia in the National Sporting Club's Friday night programme of free-style wrestling. He is a boxer; he gained three R.A.F. caps as a "Rugger" forward; and he is a rowing man.

MISS MILLICENT J. COUPER, Scottish lady golf champion, replied to the toast of "The Lassies" at the North Berwick Burns Supper. It was an innovation for ladies to propose or to reply to toasts at this gathering.

MISS MILLICENT J. COUPER—FOR REPLYING FOR THE LASSIES OF TO-DAY DURING A NICHT WI' BURNS.

MISS BILLIE BRISTOW and her joint-author are determined that their new film scenario, "The Secret of the Loch," shall be convincing. Before getting down to writing it, Miss Bristow got down under the water in an experimental tank. We cannot resist paraphrasing the Garbo's famous phrase: "I tank I go home"!

MISS DORIS DUKE, the richest girl in the world, let an interviewer into her rules of life for avoiding being kidnapped and held up to ransom. She follows ten maxims, which include never to look a camera in the face, never to be without a chaperon or bodyguard, and to have her homes transformed into fortified castles with electric devices and guards masquerading as workmen.

MISS IRIS ASHLEY kindly consented to paint Mr. Reginald Gardiner's nice lounge-suit with black motor-oil, so that he could demonstrate effectively the ease with which modern quick-cleaning works.

THE latest addition to the SAGA OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER is a one-act play by Jan Struther (the well-known versifier), who, in private life is Mrs. Anthony Maxtone Graham. It was given in her Chelsea house by herself, her husband, and her children. The Monster of Loch Ness was introduced on the programme as "First Personal Appearance on Any Stage!" and there was a note saying that ladies and gentlemen feeling faint on account of the terrifying appearance of the monster were "invited to make use of the Bars." The official title of the play was "Saint George and the Monster," and it was described as an entirely new melodrama with music. The characters consisted of Mackintosh MacSporran, his daughter, the Minister's wife, Saint George, Robert, and the Monster. The members of the cast were all Maxtone Grahams.

MISS BILLIE BRISTOW—FOR HER "I TANK I GO DOWN" EXPERIMENT BEFORE FILM-WRITING ABOUT DIVING FOR MONSTERS IN LOCH NESS. (Right). MISS DORIS DUKE—FOR THE TEN RULES OF LIFE SHE KEEPS IN ORDER TO FRUSTRATE KIDNAPPERS.

THE MONSTER OF LOCH NESS—FOR MAKING A "FIRST PERSONAL APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE"; AND HELPING THE BARS.

MISS IRIS ASHLEY—FOR BLACKENING MR. REGINALD GARDINER'S SUIT TO DEMONSTRATE QUICK-CLEANING.

1. A goal for Canada: Draper (Canada) sweeps towards the goal in the ice-hockey match between Canada (Ottawa Shamrocks) and the United States, at the Queen's Ice Club, and edges the puck slowly in. Harnedy (U.S.A. goalkeeper) cannot save.

2. Bob Jeremiah (U.S.A.), the man who accelerates grandly whenever he can get the puck.

3. Jim Millar (Canada), the flying-man in his team. He is inclined to play a lone hand and is not too fond of passing.

4. The crowded rink has a dim, smoky atmosphere.

5. The most exciting moment of the match: Bob Jeremiah (U.S.A.), No. 7, tries to overcome G. Marshall (Canadian goalkeeper); but a Canadian accidentally pushes the goal sideways. Hard luck for the U.S.A., as Canada was able to save. The seven men all fell down! Canada won by two goals to one, thus defeating the world's champions.

6. U.S.A. and English "fans" use programmes as megaphones!

7. The Canadians before the U.S.A. goal. Harnedy (U.S.A. goalkeeper) tries with his stick to get the puck.

8. Draper shoots from every position—even when falling.

9. Canada's goalkeeper, G. Marshall, in action.

WHEN THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONS WERE BEATEN.

MISS LISA MAUGHAM is one of the most charming and popular young girls in society to-day. She is the daughter of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the playwright and novelist, and of Mrs. "Syrie" Maugham. Her portrait by Glyn Philpot is on view at his one-man show at the Leicester Galleries.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

Lord Scarbrough originated the idea of having a bevy of child programme-sellers at the Children's Royal Matinée yesterday. It is obvious why. His own grandchildren are so irresistible that he guessed a juvenile band of gold-diggers would extract the maximum toll from the audience! They are Ursula James, aged nine, and her four-year-old sister, Serena Fay.

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Patricia Spencer, aged ten, is not only endowed with a hundred per cent. personal charm, but has perfect social poise. Guests at the recent party given by her mother, Lady Annaly, at her Hyde Park Gardens house, were greeted by a clear childish treble, inquiring "Will you have sherry, or may I get you a cocktail?"

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Luke Spencer, aged six, feels at home at a party too, but could not come to this one, as he was ill. He has a shock of red hair, obviously inherited from his maternal ancestor, the Lord Spencer known as "the Red Earl," on account of his flaming hair and beard.

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Lady Lymington is a great friend of Lady Annaly and helped her to receive at this party, where last-minute matinée plans were discussed. She wore no hat, and was very much "new era" in a purple dress, with chromium-plated fittings — I mean fastenings.

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Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne still wears a béret in preference to a pancake or halo hat—very wisely, as this shape suits her. Her eye is much better. She had a dreadful time with it at Christmas, she says. She deserves first prize for Philosophy as she added that the rest enforced by her illness did her a lot of good

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Mayfair dog stars are as well known in society as human beauties, and go to almost as many parties! The other day I attended a gathering where Lady Charles Cavendish's celebrated dachshund Tilly came with her owner. Benn the Dachs and his companion, the engaging Cairn Mac, arrived with Miss Gertrude Lawrence; and Hopi, the Border terrier, accompanied Miss Henrietta Bingham. There was, however, perfect harmony among the canine guests!

The MARQUESS and MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM were guests of the Baroness Burton and her husband, Major Joe Melles, at Dochfour the other day. Lady Conyngham is a daughter of Mr. John William Howard Thompson.

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Miss Henrietta Bingham. Daughter of H.E. the American Ambassador. Tall, elegant, and with magnetic eyes. A keen sportswoman; has many friends in England, a country which she often visited before her father came over here as Ambassador. She hunts with the Bicester.

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London has become thoroughly British Art conscious! The British Museum Exhibition of Art in England, and the special Victoria and Albert Museum show, are both open on Sundays and draw "good houses." The former is recommended as an antidote to a large Sunday lunch, as it takes about a quarter of an hour's brisk walk to get there after entering the Museum! Some lovely Holbein drawings are on view, as it is not tied down to British artists only. The design for Henry VIII.'s new mantelpiece for his Bridewell Palace is staggeringly lovely. The water-colours include some admirable Cotmans, and everyone's saying how well selected and arranged the exhibits are—due largely to Mr. Edward Croft Murray's good judgment. He's one of our young Museum men, and is a musician too. His cousins, the sons of Sir Frederick James, were among the visitors the other day. They are still at the "prep." school stage, but find Art interesting. This is not precocious to-day: 1934 youth and culture go hand in hand.

MR. RAYMOND MASSEY and MRS. MASSEY (Adrienne Allen) have sailed for America with Lady Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper) in an all-English company which is to appear in a new play, "Nearer Than I," in New York. Their infant son, Daniel, went too.

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A Museum Curiosity. On Sundays, one of the water-colours in the Victoria and Albert Museum goes into retreat. It is shrouded in a dark-blue covering, held taut by loops attached to hooks in the wall, and bears a label announcing that, owing to the terms of the bequest, water-colours from the Ellison Collection cannot be shown on Sundays. The temptation to unhook the loops and take a peep is irresistible. I even saw a highly respected feminine J.P. fall to it!

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Edwardian and neo-Georgian beauties sat side by side at the first night of "Saturday's Children," at the Westminster. Priscilla Lady Annesley, of the exquisite profile and superb carriage, represented the former; and Lady Melchett, with pale daffodil hair, white, rather immobile face, and swaying daffodil gait, can well stand for the new era. Her evening cloak had very contemporary sleeves of white ermine.

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The Music Society has not got this British Music feeling very strongly. Their magnificent programme included Buxtehude, the Swedish composer

MISS PAMELA SILVERTOP, younger daughter of the late Commander Arthur Silvertop, R.N., and of the late Mrs. William Guinness, and niece of Lady Heathcote, is engaged to Mr. Peter Tiarks, youngest son of Mr. F. C. Tiarks and Mrs. Tiarks, of Foxbury, Chislehurst.

who influenced Bach so much; Lully, Monteverde, and Bach; with only two duets from Purcell to add a homeland flavour. The artists were Claire Croiza, Betty Bannerman, Georges Pitsch, Ernest Lush, André Mangeot, and Vere Pilkington. The last-named was well suited by the Bach Sonata in D Major for Cembalo and Viola da Gamba, as it showed off the delicacy of his touch to perfection.

Cembalo was a word which puzzled the less erudite of those present. It is a term used by composers to designate the keyed instrument—that is, the clavicembalo or harpsichord. Its abbreviation corresponds to our use of "'cello" for "violoncello." So now you know—but perhaps you always did!

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Departures from England include the Cecil Bevises, who have gone off on a West Indies cruise with their elder girl, the popular brunette Patty, famous for her sparkling brown eyes, her tiny hands, and her nice manners. Their younger daughter, Maureen, is a débutante of the year. She is a contrast to her sister, for she's a blue-eyed blonde with a calm expression and regular features. Mrs. Bevis is having a ball for her in June.

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Mrs. Cecil Bevis. Daughter of Walter Winans, the well-known sportsman and revolver shot; niece and heiress of Louis Winans, race-horse owner and enthusiast for American trotting horses. Granddaughter of the engineer who built the railway from Moscow to Petrograd (then St. Petersburg). She herself is a tall, graceful woman, with brown eyes and auburn hair. Her possessions include a set of glass similar to that used in the Imperial Palace under the Tsarist régime. Her husband devotes a great deal of his time to the after-care of prisoners, and is Hon. Police Court Missioner of a Mayfair court. He is an interesting personality, with endless true anecdotes worthy of the best detective fiction.

MISS JOAN PAGE, second daughter of Sir Arthur Page, Chief Justice of Burma, and Lady Page, is engaged to MR. RICHARD D'A. L. WHITE, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. L. White. Miss Page is the young pilot who set out in 1932, with Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, to fly to the Cape. On their way out, they crashed at Cairo; but they reached Johannesburg. On their return flight, the aeroplane was wrecked: Miss Page broke her leg.

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Mrs. Patrick Ness is an author and traveller of considerable distinction. She is also a housewife of note. The variety of those enchanting little mouthfuls which spoil our dinners so pleasantly when we go to cocktail-parties was greater at hers than at any other of the week!

Sir Denison and Lady Ross and Lady Rawlinson were among the first people I met there. Sir Percy Sykes was being congratulated on his book, and Mrs. Douglas Hacking on her daughter. Both have just come out.

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Mrs. Ness's gifts include a *flair* for architecture. Her house has a cleverly planned roof-garden, which was entirely her own idea. It wasn't, of course, "in commission" at last week's party, but is a splendid *décor* for her summer at-homes.

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Mrs. Meldon, sister of Lord Cromwell, and Mrs. Cecil Peck were other hostesses of the week. They asked some three hundred guests to hear Eileen Joyce, the young pianist from Australia. Mrs. Peck says "Miss Joyce was found in Australia at thirteen and is now twenty-one," and adds that many critics consider her "already far ahead of any woman pianist as regards finger-work." One does not usually credit Field-Marshals with a passionate devotion to music, but two—Sir Claud Jacob and Lord Milne—were expected at this particular concert.

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Victor Hammer's studio at-home on Thursday was on the same day. The Austrian Minister has sat to him, and most of us will remember the Hammer portrait of his Excellency which hangs in the Legation, where there is also a de László one. Hammer is an interesting personality, who finds time to indulge a taste for printing as well as painting. He has his own hand-press.

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Lady Lisburne promises that her dance on Feb. 22 for Lady Gloria Vaughan will be for girls only, and débutantes at that. It is one of the earliest important ones of the pre-Easter round, and is sure to be beautifully done.

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Miss Silvia Ryle, a new season's débutante, is at present getting into training for the social rush by a healthful winter sports holiday with her aunt, Mrs. Moorhouse, and cousin, William Rhodes Moorhouse. Miss Ryle's mother is now Mrs. Alexis ffrench, but, as she is not strong enough to stand the racket of a season in London, it has been arranged that Naomi Lady Houstoun-Boswall should take over the duties of chaperon. Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall was a last-year's bud, and is to share a dance with Miss Ryle on the first day of spring, March 21. This date was fixed to suit the Moorhouses' plans, as he said he was not certain of being back from Switzerland till then.

MARIEGOLD.

A portrait of MRS. GLANVILL BENN by James Gunn, whose "Conversation Piece" and "Delius" roused much interest at recent Royal Academy exhibitions. Mrs. Glanvill Benn is the eldest daughter of Mr. Claude Newbald, of the Aircraft Inspection Department, Air Ministry, and Mrs. Newbald. She married the second son of Sir Ernest Benn, the publisher, in 1931.

DR. FURTWÄNGLER, the famous conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, has aroused tremendous enthusiasm by his conducting during his present visit to London. He is here seen with H. E. the AUSTRIAN MINISTER (left).

FRAU FURTWÄNGLER, the wife of the famous conductor, is of Danish birth. She is here posed with her Skye terrier, "Bobbie."

THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE

By JACOB EPSTEIN.

(Left)
By P. WILSON STEER.

By HENRY LAMB.

By EGERTON COOPER.

"THE NUDE IN CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART" is the title of an exhibition at Messrs. Leger's Galleries, where all the pictures on these pages are on view. The exhibition includes examples of the work of many of

[*Continued opposite.*

AS SEEN BY MODERN ARTISTS.

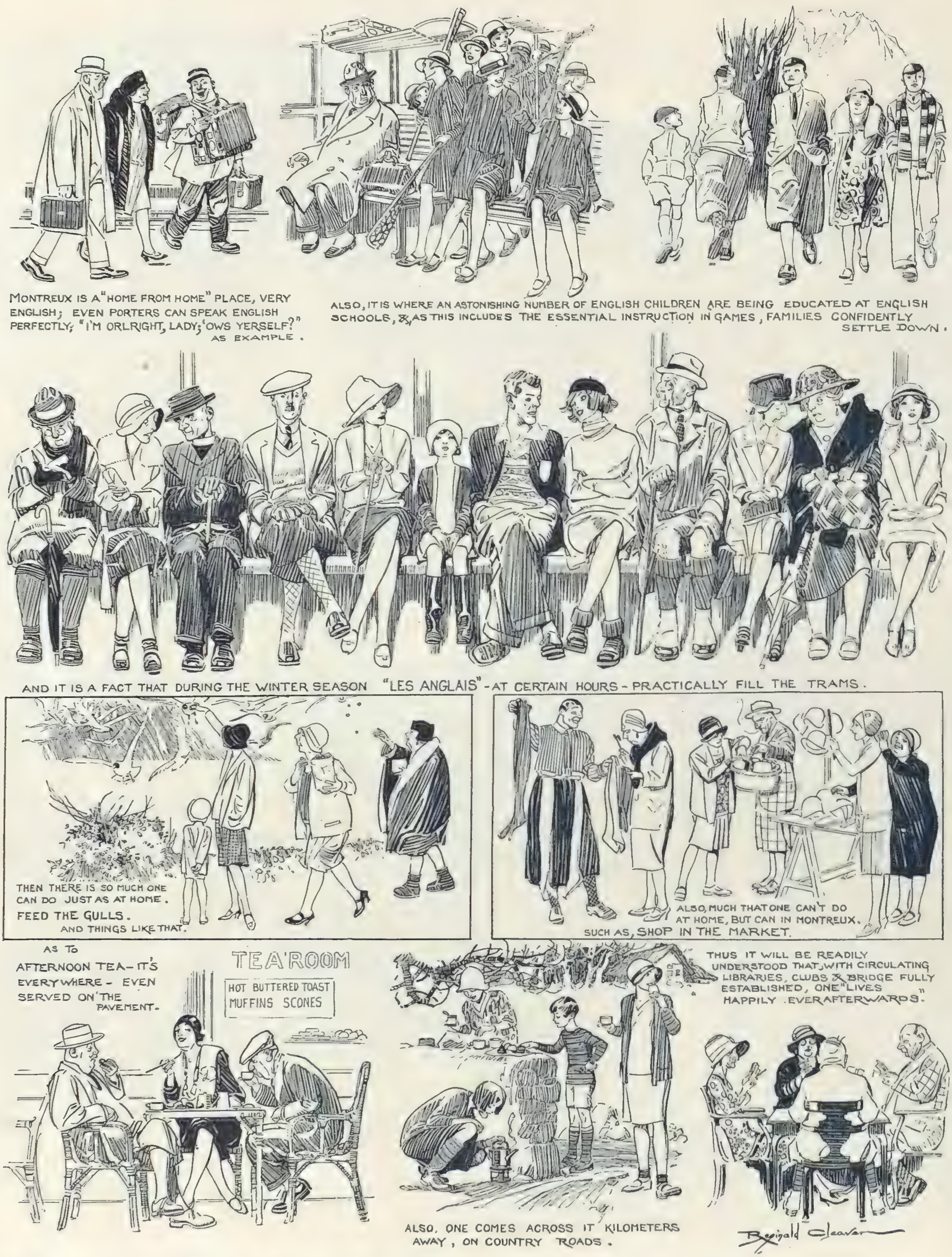
By ETHELBERT WHITE.

By W. DE GLEHN.

By W. E. WEBSTER.

By RICHARD SICKERT.

Continued.]
the most important artists of to-day. In connection with Mr. Henry Lamb, it is interesting to recall that one of his paintings, a portrait of Lady Pansy Lamb, was recently purchased by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. [COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.]



THE SWISS FAMILIES ROBINSON — JONES AND SMITH!

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER.

GRAN'POP VISITS LOCH NESS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

ICE MEN AND SNOW MAIDENS.

The independent girl can be very attractive ON THE RINK IN WINTER-SPORTSLAND as she displays her skill on skates. She is equally attractive—and just as dangerous to the susceptible—when not too skilful. She is less attractive when the fullness of years renders her naturally static!

Ice hockey is THE SPORT FOR HE-MEN of the most impressive size and muscular power. The fine specimen decorated with the initials "I.L.N." is not (unfortunately) on the staff of our sister paper "The Illustrated London News"! Ice-hockey is now Canada's national game, and it is only during the last year or two that it has been played in England—and yet it was Englishmen who were responsible for its being first played in Canada. In the early eighteen-eighties, when Lord Stanley was Governor-General of the Dominion, some of the members of his staff wished to play hockey. The ground was too hard, and there was much lamentation. The Governor-General, glancing through the windows at the frozen Rideau River, made the historic suggestion: "Why not play on the ice?"

THE "VOSPER" HOLBEIN.

We have heard a great deal about the various Holbein and Laughton portraits of Henry VIII. this winter. Here is Sherriffs' version of Frank Vosper's representation of him in "Rose Without a Thorn," which has been compared to one of the best Holbeins.

DRAWN BY SHERRIFFS.

THE REAL AND THE PRIX DE ROME IDEAL.

"THE DANCER" is a statue of MARGUERITE AGNIEL, dancer and physical culture expert, by Edith M. Gabriel. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy and at the Paris Salon. It makes an interesting comparison with the photographs of Mlle. Agniel which we published in our issue dated January 10 and with that reproduced on this page.

MR. T. B. HUXLEY-JONES, twenty-five-year-old student of the Wolverhampton School of Art, won the Rome Scholarship for Sculpture, 1934, with this design for A FOUNTAIN FOR A GARDEN, embodying a bronze standing figure 3 ft. 6 in. high. A full-size plaster model of the figure and a sketch model of the whole design to the scale of one-and-a-half inches to the foot were submitted. They are now on view at the Imperial Institute.

(Left) This lovely study of MARGUERITE AGNIEL—curiously akin to that of the statue of her reproduced on this page—is an illustration to her recently published book, "Body Sculpture." Her theory is that the constitution of the true dance lies in the wedding of music and gymnastics.

MAE WEST WISECRACKS.

MISS MAE WEST, one of the best-known and most popular film personalities of to-day—" Come up and see me some time "—has only starred in three films. Her first great success was in " Night After Night " ; her second, in " She Done Him Wrong " ; and her third, in " I'm No Angel." She is now making " It's No Sin."

MY DESIGN FOR LIVING—OR SHOULD I SAY, MY DESIGN FOR LOVING ?

LOVE and let live.

That covers a lot of ground and uncovers as much happiness.

The guy who said " Live for Love " had the right idea.

You may not be able to live on love, but many a gal has lived on a lover.

Frankly, though, living is a lovely thing—and loving is a lively thing.

It 's great to be alive and greater to be in love.

Love might bring some pain in living, but even eating too much candy can give you a pain.

Seriously—being happy is the greatest design you can have on living.

I 'd rather be happy and broke than miserable in a fur coat. But the fur coat helps.

Everyone has a design for living, and everyone with any life has a design for loving.

He has designs on her and she has designs on him.

Which gives us all our pet designs—and our desire to pet.

They say it 's written in the stars what we 'll do, but it 's written in a cheque-book what we *can* do.

You may not know all about your future. It 's fun, though, getting acquainted with him.

I try to get all there is out of life.

But you can't get all without giving all—or almost.

And the greatest joy in any design for living is giving.

. . . .

Love means one thing to one person, and something else to another. It 's a more or less powerful emotion beyond ordinary human control. Try it yourself, sometime, and you 'll get what I mean.

. . . .

The woman with a past interests men because they hope that history will repeat itself.

. . . .

Virtue has its own reward, but has no sale at the box-office.

. . . .

I didn't have to learn about " bad women," as every woman knows how " bad " a woman could be if she makes up her mind to it.

. . . .

What happens to sex appeal if you look anæmic ?

I 've put my head in a lion's mouth! It was for scenes in my Paramount movie, " I 'm No Angel "—and the lion was very nice about it.

" Jezebel in the lion's mouth," I heard one of the electricians on the set mutter as I explored the inner region of the King of Beasts. But I guess if I really were a Jezebel, the lion would have clamped down his jaws in punishment for my wickedness. Then I remembered that the lady in question had no dealings with lions. She went to the dogs.

. . . .

You wouldn't pick a horse to win simply because it was the best-looking of the lot. Beware of the clever woman. And, another thing, a clever woman will know how to change herself from a not-so-beautiful creature into an almost-beautiful one.

From dumbness you can expect nothing but dumbness, but with brains the best or the worst can happen.

. . . .

I don't approve of free love any more than I do of free lunch. I suppose it 's all right for those who can take it. It 's mainly an individual problem to be settled by each individual for himself.

. . . .

Sex is never vulgar except to vulgar people. Why is it necessary to weep over the processes of nature ? Who can change them for anything more satisfactory to the human race ?

. . . .

When I marry I don't want a handsome man. I think the homely men often have more sex appeal. Besides, they are not so hard to keep.

Any woman can get almost any man she wants, but can she hold him ? That 's the real problem which most women overlook.

. . . .

My dance, " The Midway," is not a dance of the hands and feet, but of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips to the north, east, south, and west.

. . .

I originated the shimmy shake ; I can't say what step will replace the rumba, but it won't be the Minuet !

. . .

Since sex is the strongest instinct next to self-preservation, when will the human being lose interest in it? It 's the human being I try to interest.

MISS MAE WEST, the Paramount star, who writes her own films, thinks out the " wisecracks " which are such a feature of them. Also, she has made curves fashionable in feminine figures. She wore this feathered hat " after Gainsborough " in " She Done Him Wrong."

THE WIMBLEDON LYRIC SOCIETY presented "A COUNTRY GIRL" at the Wimbledon Theatre. The first act is set in a Devonshire landscape. The cast included Mr. Harold Warne as Geoffrey, Mr. Billy Hawkins as the Rajah of Bhong, Mr. J. Cardell Oliver as Sir Joseph, Mr. Douglas Boniface as Douglas, Miss Evelyn Round as Marjorie, and Miss Marion Compton as Princess Mehelaneh.

Mr. Harold Warne is here seen as Geoffrey Challoner with the chorus of Country Girls in "A COUNTRY GIRL," by Wimbledon amateurs.

Mr. W. G. S. Musgrove played Barry in "A COUNTRY GIRL," by Wimbledon amateurs. He is here seen with the chorus in "Come to tea with Mrs. Brown."

THE RUISLIP AND DISTRICT MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY produced "MERRIE ENGLAND" at the Parish Hall, Ruislip. The cast included Mr. J. H. James as Essex, Mr. Ronald Davies as Raleigh, Mr. J. B. Wilkinson as Wilkins, Mr. D. G. Merry as the Fool, Miss Ivy Brown as Queen Elizabeth, and Miss Winifred Raymont as Bessie Throckmorton.

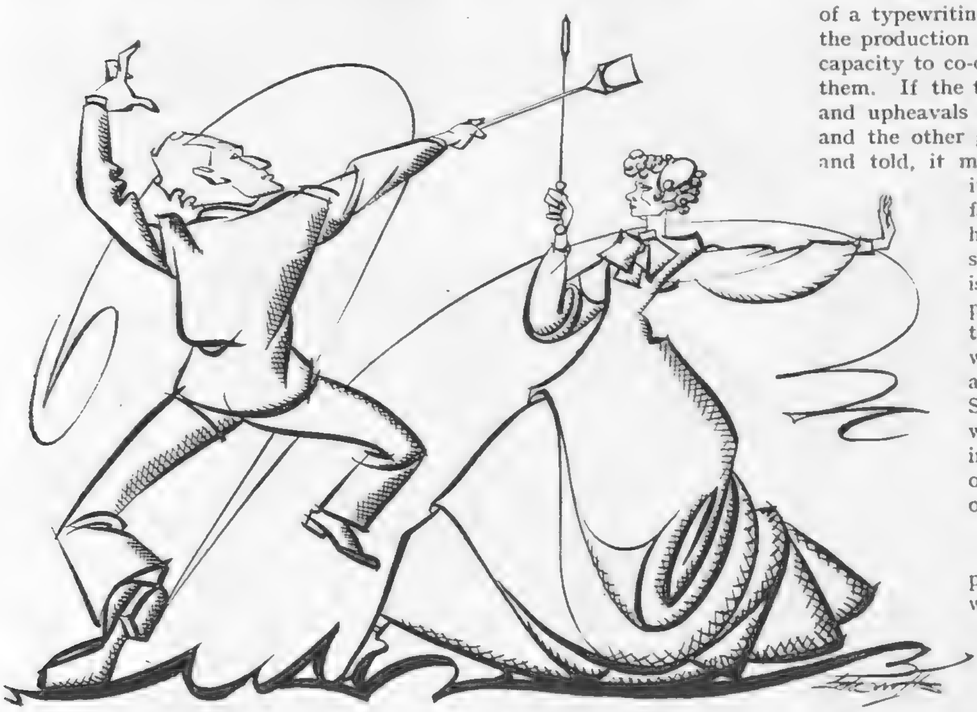
AMATEURS IN OPERA: AT WIMBLEDON AND RUISLIP.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THIS time there is much more aroma in the Parisian revue, "SOURIRE DE PARIS," at the Prince of Wales's, than in its predecessors. For one thing, the scenery is fresher and more fascinating; one or two scenes—like "Cherry Time" and the "Chinese Orgy"—are picturesque; and the Robot episode, with girls forming the piston-rods of gigantic machines, has a realistic air *à la Massemmensch* of Toller. The two French principals are Mlle. Marianne Cupfer and M. Harry Pilcer; the English, Mr. Frederic Bentley and Miss Fai Robina—the latter treating us to robust humour appealing to the crowd, the former excelling in graceful dances in which they are flanked by the delightful twins, Boyer Sœurs. But, *après tout*, Harry Pilcer is the luminous point of this Parisian "smile." He comes back after—is it twenty years since his partnership with Gaby Deslys?—and he does not look a day older. Nor has his work become stereotyped, except the famous "Staircase" dance of the tipsy gigolo, which is as perilously wonderful as before. In all his work there is the grace of a "sahib" in manner and motion. And Mlle. Cupfer is a charming live marionette, reminding one of the famous La Poupée.



"LITTLE WOMEN," at the Regal. This impression of the picture of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book shows Jo (KATHARINE HEPBURN) and Laurie (DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY), The Boy Next Door, indulging in a quiet fencing match. They are seen engaged hammer and tongs, poker and shovel.

In the wake of the German philosopher, Sydney Carroll spake: "Better one living word than a hundred dead ones," and his word prevailed, and thus the revival of "THE RIVALS" at the Ambassadors became a feast of diction. Not for years have we heard in our theatres such fine, uniform, well-cadenced English. It sounded like carillons of joy; it polished the old-world style with fresh varnish; it seemed to inspire most of the actors to let go hell for leather. And thus, though the play creaked in places, and distinctly marked the difference in merit between this and Sheridan's masterwork, "The School for Scandal," we had a most enjoyable evening, for we revelled in the exuberance of the eighteenth century, and not least in the unspeakable verbal mutilations of Mrs. Malaprop. Lady Tree, who was a distinguished Mrs. Malaprop, ladled them out with infinite zest and here and there a vocal piquancy which enhanced the savour. In a cast so loaded with talent, it is difficult to distribute the orders of merit. There was really not a weak point in it, although on the woman's side charm was more prevalent than achievement. Balliol Holloway, a Jupiter-like, magnificent Sir Anthony; Henry Hewitt, a valet *à la Précieuses Ridicules*; Jack Livesey, a fine specimen of an eighteenth-century officer and a gentlemanly lover; Randle Ayrton, a devotee of fealty to his master, with a winsome, protective air; and, most particularly, Frank Cellier, a delightful, joyful, roguish Bob Acres, and Paul Farrell, a truly Irish swaggerer of *grandes allures*—one and all were a credit to 100 per cent. British acting.

"HEMLOCK," a play in three acts by "Underwood," reminds me of a typewriting machine out of order. The author, who superintended the production at the Kingsway, has ideas, but he has not the technical capacity to co-ordinate them nor the verbal ease and fluency to express them. If the tale of the adolescent girls' school, with its undercurrents and upheavals of love and passion, in which one girl escapes scot-free and the other goes "on the rocks" of suicide, had been well planned and told, it might have been another "Children in Uniform." Now it is all cluttering and clattering, and drowned in such high falutin' as caused many an ill-timed laugh. A practised hand could have made something of it, but Mr. Underwood simply ambles on in his happy-go-lucky way, and the result is *ennui*. This is emphasised by a loose and straggling production and some bad acting by several of the characters. Fortunately Miss Jean Shepheard saved the situation, whilst Miss Julia Hart was nearly equally good and natural as her rival in their love for a married man. Miss Shepheard's performance was remarkable; finely outlined, with an air of adolescent reflection and restrained power in the crucial and one good scene of the play at the end of the last act. But Mr. Underwood must type his play over again and call in a mender.

One can only surmise what Mr. Maxwell Anderson's little play at the Westminster, "SATURDAY'S CHILDREN," was like in the original vernacular, before it was de-Americanised and re-upholstered by Mr. Cecil Madden. He has done his job well, but, at best, the play tells the story of a storm in a thimble: the *mariage de raison* of a would-be wayward younger daughter in a very bourgeois family of little souls; the post-nuptial bickerings and quarrels of the young couple; finally, the temporary flight of the bride to humble labour; the pursuit by the husband, and—the crux of the question—reunion in order to act on father's advice—the foundation of a family. It is practically an elongated duologue, except in the first act, where the older sister teaches her junior how to behave when eliciting a proposal. She does it by way of a questionnaire which the younger sister uses anon as a prompt book—an absurd scene which created much laughter. Later on there are, here and there, little sensitive bits which cloak the humbleness of the affair, but on the whole it is light fare for a whole evening. Miss Joyce Barbour as the elder sister was delightful when she spoke up. Miss Dorothy Hyson, a regular cinema beauty, ditto ditto; but Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston, often so well suited, was the wrong man for a young husband's part. His wife, I feel, would never have forgiven him.

The four little maids from school, or "LITTLE WOMEN" of the picture, are (l. to r.) Amy March (JOAN BENNETT), spoilt and affected, who marries Laurie, The Boy Next Door; Beth March (JEAN PARKER), unspoilt and unaffected, who passes beyond; Jo March (KATHARINE HEPBURN), hoyden and literary genius, who marries Professor Bhaer; and Meg March (FRANCES DEE), a highly responsible character, who marries Brooke.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

REPORT hath it that Ernst Lubitsch, determined not to give the public a photographed stage-play, poured the contents of Noel Coward's comedy, "DESIGN FOR LIVING," dialogue and all, into a cinematic mould of his own devising, whence it emerged with one word of the original still intact. He has, however, preserved the characteristic Coward touch. The picture (at the Plaza) is slick, smart, and amusing. The fate of a "gentleman's agreement" entered into by a modern miss and two young artists, to whom she desires to be an inspiration and nothing more, is traced with a sparkling fluency, a shrewdness of observation, that fully justify any liberties Lubitsch may have taken. Charmingly set, the entertainment has a twinkle in its eye and is presented with a gay precision, especially by Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March.

A study of KATHARINE HEPBURN as Jo March, one of the heroines of "LITTLE WOMEN," and the girl who tried to refuse to grow up.

A hearty melodrama, "I COVER THE WATERFRONT," has at last ousted the Bluff Monarch from his throne at the Leicester Square Theatre. This is the picture in which that fine actor, Ernest Torrence, played his last part, and played it uncommonly well. His portrait of a ruthless old smuggler, with a tender spot for his pretty daughter, is a worthy example of his vigorous, picturesque style. The story is a variant of the newspaper play, with a breezy reporter (Ben Lyon) combing the waterfront for copy and unmasking a traffic in Chinks. I confess that any picture set against the enchantment of harbour and sea, with the lovely Claudette Colbert for its heroine, would break down my critical defences. But under James Cruze's able direction the material shapes into good popular stuff, with pace, humour, and deep-sea thrills to commend it.

There can be few bookshelves throughout the English-speaking world whereon Louisa M. Alcott's "LITTLE WOMEN" has not at one time found a place. The joys and sorrows of Jo, Amy, Meg, and Beth, friends of our youth and pleasant memories of our older age, are still very real to a vast public—a public that will receive with open arms the screen adaptation of the book launched at the Regal. This counterblast to sophistication, with its frankly sentimental atmosphere of lavender and lace, has been cleverly directed by George Cukor, who builds up the well-known story with a fine appreciation of its comedy and pathos, its simple emotional values, and its passages of rosebud romance. As a "period piece" the picture is beautifully composed, and has all the glamour of perfect photography. It has been well and carefully cast. I liked the airs and graces of Joan Bennett's Amy, and especially the quiet sincerity of Paul Lukas as Jo's beloved Professor. But it is Katharine Hepburn as the tom-boy Jo who dominates the gentle drama. She is gallant, vivid, very much alive—qualities for which her stridency and occasional over-emphasis may be freely forgiven.

A whirlwind courtship from "LITTLE WOMEN." Jo (KATHARINE HEPBURN) hotly pursued by Laurie (DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY), The Boy Next Door, with protestations of eternal love. He utterly fails to catch up with her and marries Amy instead.

Against the austere beauty of the frozen North, W. S. Van Dyke has built up a simple drama of Eskimo life well attuned to the primitive emotions and the common hardships of a hardy people. This picture, now entitled "MALA THE MAGNIFICENT" (Empire), is the outcome of a cinematic expedition to the land of snow and ice, and a sojourn there of many months' duration. I found the "epic," as I suppose it must be labelled, engrossing, not only on account of its scenic splendours and its vigour, but also in the illumination it throws on a moral code based on the needs of an isolated race, but dignified by its honesty. The story centres round Mala, on his prowess as a mighty hunter and his conflict with the White Man's justice, from which he finally and desperately escapes. The company is to a large extent native; though, if memory serves me right, the impersonator of Mala is not entirely without screen experience. A romantic figure, he is a born actor, completely natural in his response to his director.

Mr. R. C. Sherriff has been allowed considerable license in his screen adaptation of H. G. Wells's famous fantasy, "THE INVISIBLE MAN" (Tivoli). Collateral characters have been introduced, I understand, with Mr. Wells's approval, and the action of the film is largely concerned with the later part of the book—the pursuit and capture of the unseen scientist whose reign of violence has terrorised the countryside. But under James Whale's expert direction the technical work is of such high order that no one should cavil at the deviations from the original story. Indeed, few themes offer the camera such rich opportunities in this age of photographic miracles. The Invisible Man—a powerful, if mainly vocal creation by Claude Rains—smokes a visible cigarette, a bicycle is ridden by an unseen rider, and in a hundred ways the horror and excitement of the situation is driven to its peak. This is a notable successor to "Frankenstein," but in this instance Mr. Whale has not allowed the grim side to dominate, and humour of incident and characterisation ensure all-round entertainment of an unusual kind.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page 213.

THE GOOD KIND KONG— "SON OF KONG."

1. *All good cinema-goers still remember the thrills of "King Kong." Now a "family come-back" has been staged; and "SON OF KONG," a new R.K.O. Radio picture, will soon be seen in London.*
2. *The Son of Kong is here trying to show ROBERT ARMSTRONG and HELEN MACK that he is only a gentle, friendly little pet.*
3. *ROBERT ARMSTRONG is here in the grip of the SON OF KONG, a most alarming position!*
4. *Rendering first-aid to a wounded monster is exciting! HELEN MACK feels that it's necessary to stand by while ROBERT ARMSTRONG bandages the finger of the SON OF KONG.*
5. *ROBERT ARMSTRONG and HELEN MACK discover the SON OF KONG about to perish in the quicksands.*

THE ESKIMO AND WHITE MAN'S LAW: "MALA THE MAGNIFICENT."

CAPTAIN PETER FREUCHEN, the distinguished Danish author, plays the villainous white captain in "MALA THE MAGNIFICENT," the film based on his book. He is with ABA, the Eskimo beauty.

ABA, the Eskimo wife of Mala, is accidentally shot in mistake for a seal.

(Above) MALA, the great Eskimo hunter, marries IVA as his second wife. His first wife, Aba, met with a tragic death, after being abused and given whisky to drink by the white captain. Mala, following his native law, kills the white captain with a harpoon. He throws it with unerring aim and transfixes his victim.

(Right) MALA is the superb hero of the great Eskimo epic at the Empire. The white men try to hang him for murder, as he has broken their law, although he has done no wrong according to his own lights, and they personally know him to be an honourable man. He escapes, and goes out to meet his death alone in the snow, followed by his faithful wife, IVA.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

GREECE REVISITED.

I AWOKE this morning to the clamour of voices and sounds of hammering. From my window I saw scores of gimcrack booths being hastily erected, yards of calico, in gay patterns, being nailed over posts to serve as an awning against the heat of the sun. Ripe oranges hung, like golden balls, from the trees in the market-place, and in the distance, pink as a rose-petal against a sky of purest blue, the shoulder of Mount Olympus glowed in the early sunshine.

It was a colourful scene, with some of the glamour of the East about it. Last night I had driven into Larissa and found it a deserted town, but for the inevitable beggars and touts who wanted to show me to an hotel. A coal-black nigger in a blue béret and white spats and a very natty gent.'s overcoating, who spoke several languages, tried to hustle us into an hotel next to that which had been recommended to us. Then he followed us into the café of our own hotel and ordered six glasses of beer which we hadn't asked for, and seemed quite upset when we left him to pay for them! The hotel proprietor indicated a restaurant across the square where we could get food, and there, though it was close on midnight, we were well served.

The MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY by snapshot! A FORD V 8 is seen on the picturesque Thermopylæ Pass, in Greece. The road-surface is not particularly good!

When, after breakfasting at little round tables set in the street (among the market stalls, or very nearly so), we set off for Athens, the sun was higher in the heavens. But rain during the night had made the muddy roads treacherous indeed, and, as many of them are very narrow and run along the tops of high embankments, extreme care was indicated. What had been rain in the valleys, however, was snow in the hills, and once or twice my heart was in my mouth as we side-slipped for a moment to within a foot of a considerable drop.

Presently, descending once again from the mountains, we found a gentleman guarding a level crossing, living in a veritable house of straw, approached by a ricketty ladder. It had a sort of dependence shaped like an immense beehive, also made of straw. Such a building might look quite in order in the South Sea Islands; but in Europe, at the side of a main railway line, it looked curious indeed. Then, later, we met half-a-dozen pretty peasant girls—and they really *are* pretty—carrying on their backs what appeared to be hedges. Whatever they were, they measured six or seven feet both ways, and with three women walking abreast the road was barred by a green hedge!

It is only a few weeks since I went on a mad drive, mostly nocturnal, from Athens to Salonika in a powerful British car. It was sheer joy, to-day, to cover the journey in the reverse direction, in brilliant sunshine. The Automobile and Touring Club of Greece is extraordinarily helpful to foreigners motoring in Greece, and, just to show its goodwill towards competitors in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, had had the worst patches of road repaired. This does not mean, however, that there were not, on occasion, big pot-holes, and rocks sticking up high enough to crack a sump. We had to be terribly careful, but it was all great sport and infinitely worth while.

One of the MONTE CARLO RALLY COMPETITORS in No-Man's Land. This RILEY "NINE," which started from Athens, is seen between two Balkan frontiers on the way to the starting-point. Excellent springing and a big ground-clearance are essentials on such "roads."

Greece is divided by mountain ranges, only a few miles apart, running down to the sea, so that one enjoys superb views at every turn, looking down on the vast, rich plains that stretch between one craggy range and the next. There are high plateaux, too, where shepherds who might have stepped straight out of the Scriptures watch their flocks; and there are little friendly towns like Verria, on the edge of the Macedonian Plain, and Lamia and Larissa amidst the hills.

In these centres, where on market days kilted peasants in white combinations and pill-box hats haggle over the price of a cow or a yard of gaily-coloured cloth, one sees the whole range of national costumes. I tried to photograph a middle-aged, long-haired priest of the Orthodox Church, but he ran away with apprehensive backward glances, amidst the ribald laughter of the villagers. In many districts the women are veiled, Turkish fashion, and one sees but a pair of big dark eyes shining above a thick white mask. The donkey is the beast of burden — even a haystack does not seem too much for it to carry!—and I caught a glimpse of a grey-bearded patriarch, seated upon an ass, with between his knees the dearest little curly-haired boy . . . a picture any artist would have loved to paint.

Taken all round, this sea-girt corner of the Balkans is full of charming surprises. To motor in Greece is a revelation. But one needs a sturdy, well-sprung car, big tyres, and . . . lots of patience. For, despite the efforts now being made, some time seems likely to elapse before the roads are given anything approaching a firm and smooth surface.

The English occupant of an ESSEX TERRAPLANE, when on his Monte Carlo Motor Rally travels, photographed—through his sliding roof—the strange dwelling of a Greek level-crossing keeper. It was mostly made of straw.

THE GARBO'S "SWEDISH PALLAS"— QUEEN CHRISTINA.

MISS GRETA GARBO has returned triumphantly to the screen, after about a year's absence, as "QUEEN CHRISTINA" in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by Rouben Mamoulian. It has already been seen in New York and is due shortly at the Empire. Christina (1626-89) was the only daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. Her tempestuous character; her habit of dressing like a man and swearing like a trooper; the wonderful circle of brilliant writers whom she gathered at her Court; and her tragic end, all combine to make her a fascinating figure. She was known as the "Swedish Pallas." Miss Garbo is supported by a strong cast which includes Mr. Lewis Stone, as Axel Oxenstiern, the Regent who exercised control during her minority; Mr. John Gilbert, as Antonio; Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, as Sage; and Miss Elizabeth Young, as Ebba.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Full Steam Ahead.

By the time these notes appear, both Oxford and Cambridge will be in the full stride of their final preparation for the University match at the end of March. They will each have carried out two engagements against representative clubs in the London area. In ordinary circumstances, comment on the first two of these engagements would be in the nature of a *réchauffé*, but the circumstances were sufficiently peculiar to call for notice even so long after the event. On Saturday, January 20, Oxford played West Hill over the delightful course of that club, and a few miles away Cambridge tried conclusions with St. George's Hill. Both clubs had representative sides, yet both universities triumphed, each winning by eleven matches to six on the day's play.

A Wonderful Recovery.

Nothing much in this, some may say; yet in the manner these two victories were achieved lies much to interest and attract. It was Oxford who presented the "star" turn. In the morning they lost all six foursomes. On that their plight looked so hopeless that two informed followers and judges of the game, George Greenwood and Henry Longhurst, freely offered odds of fifty to one against them. These were snapped up in three places, by two Oxford players and by the father of K. A. S. Morrice, the Oxford Captain. After luncheon the fun began. Morrice started it. He was two down to John Beck with ten holes played, but then finished strongly, made full use of sundry slips by his redoubtable opponent, and won on the seventeenth green. A string of Oxford victories followed that was only arrested when J. J. F. Pennink halved a grand game with Willie Murray. Suddenly the match was found to be all square on the day's play, and after that it was a procession. Oxford won all the remaining games, and Greenwood and Longhurst had gone into committee to discuss ways and means for balancing their budgets!

The CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLFERS defeated St. George's Hill at Weybridge by six matches in the singles and lost the foursomes in the morning by one. Here MR. W. E. CARR, MR. J. S. ROWELL, and MR. P. B. M. WALLACE, all Cambridge players, are discussing the condition of the course. The ground was very hard.

MR. G. R. A. JAMIESON (Magdalene) is the Captain of the Cambridge University golf team. He lost to Mr. Anderson in the singles at St. George's Hill, but was victorious in the foursomes.

A Golfer of Great Promise.

And now, before passing on to Cambridge, a word on Morrice. During the past autumn I have referred more than once to this young player, comparing his short game with that of Miss Joyce Wethered—the highest possible praise—but observing that he lacked the length with wooden clubs necessary to make him a class golfer. Since then he has changed all this. His father told me that he has been applying himself to tackling this weakness, and on the occasion of which I write it certainly looked as if he has succeeded. Generally he was out-driving John Beck, and generally without any sacrifice of accuracy. What impressed me was that, whereas last year he was hitting lazily, he is now—although swinging just as slowly and smoothly—showing that rapid increase of pace in the last two feet before impact and the snap of the wrists that are the hall-mark of great players. If he continues as he has begun—and I see no reason why he should not—then enough may be expected of him to warrant the close attention of those upon whom the choice of our Walker Cup team will fall. Of the others of the Oxford side—a likely lot—I was most struck by R. F. Brown, for he has such immense power—he drove to the foot of the twelfth green at West Hill on a windless day—that he should have ample time to devote to the short game.

Cambridge in Form.

As to Cambridge, if their success against St. George's Hill was not so spectacular, it was none the less an excellent performance. They also lost the foursomes, but only by the odd match, and this was to some extent offset by the remarkable showing of W. F. Ellis and R. I. Beck. These two beat C. S. Dunkerly and J. S. Youle by seven and five, and took the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th holes in 4, 2, 4, 3—figures that would win most matches. In the singles, however, Cambridge shone. G. R. A. Jamieson could not quite hold D. B. Anderson, but then Anderson has yet to be beaten in these encounters; and H. C. Neilson avenged his captain by beating C. Shankland—a very hard nut to crack—on the home green. With the first six matches completed, matters were all even, but after that Cambridge won every game, three of them by a single hole, which proves the proper fighting spirit, the most valuable asset a golfer can possess.

A Curious Coincidence.

What a queer thing is coincidence, even though it occurs so frequently as to be almost commonplace! Only last week I invited opinion on the advisability of our P.G.A. establishing a school of instruction for professionals so as to co-ordinate the principles of teaching. Shortly after disembarrassing myself of my "copy," a friend gave me the January number of an excellent American golfing periodical called the *Mid-West Golfer*, of which "Chick" Evans is one of the associate editors. In the second paragraph of the editorial, this is what I found—

> A movement well under way in the P.G.A. is leading towards standardization of Golf Instruction. From it may come a simple, easy way to explain the rather complicated set of motions involved in a good swing. Unfortunately, golf instruction has been complicated by the fact that the best players are not generally the best teachers. From the mass of experience available in the P.G.A., there should be developed a sensible course which will be the basis for sound instruction.

I can therefore make no claim to originality. But weight has surely been added to my plea?

The Brockenhurst Manor Golf Club numbers amongst its members four players whose average height comes to nearly six foot five inches! These GIANTS OF THE NEW FOREST are lined up behind Captain Cecil Sutton, a man of average height, and are Mr. F. W. Yateman, Mr. R. G. G. Ponsonby, Lieut.-Commander F. E. Wilmot-Sitwell, and Mr. E. W. St. George Spencer. The tallest of the quartet is six foot six-and-a-half inches in height.

"I'm off to a concert, dear. May I leave Granny with you?"
"Of course—delighted. Run off and I'll entertain her."

". . . and then she took all the money and eloped with him—but I see you are longing for something better than just gossip."

"My dickie-bird—doesn't he sing like two nightingales?"

"'Tol, la, la, la, li-e-too! Oo—oo—!' (I learnt that in the Alps last summer.")

". . . But perhaps you'd rather hear Caruso? I'll put on one of his best records."

"Now for some foreign broadcasting . . . I'll order tea in the meantime."

THE OLD LADY: "Oh—oh! a JAZZ BAND!!"

"So good of you, Mrs. Hippo. It's not easy. . . ."
"Nonsense! She's a dear old lady—so interested in social events, music, politics. . . ."

MRS. HIPPO'S JAZZY LUCK!

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

WHAT Milton would have said if he had been told that his biography was to be one day written by a woman, I cannot imagine. In his lifetime he had many stern things to say about the softer sex, and, hardened controversialist that he was, he would not have expected to be let off lightly when the pen was, so to speak, in the other hand. Especially when the hand was Miss Rose Macaulay's. Poor Mary Powell, Milton's first wife, has seldom found a more wholehearted sympathiser. Miss Macaulay does not deny that Mary was (as her husband affirmed) "dull, mute, spiritless, sullen, unfit for any cheerful conversation"; for she has no evidence with which to confute Milton's eloquence. But she dwells on the other side of the picture. Mary found her surroundings tedious. She had no mind to "a philosophical life, after having been used to a great house, and much company and joviality," says one biographer; and another observes—

She found it very solitary; no company came to her, oftentimes heard his nephews beaten, and cry. This life was irksome to her.

So, after they had been together for a month, Mary left Milton and returned to her family; and the poet forthwith set to work to complete his first pamphlet in favour of Divorce.

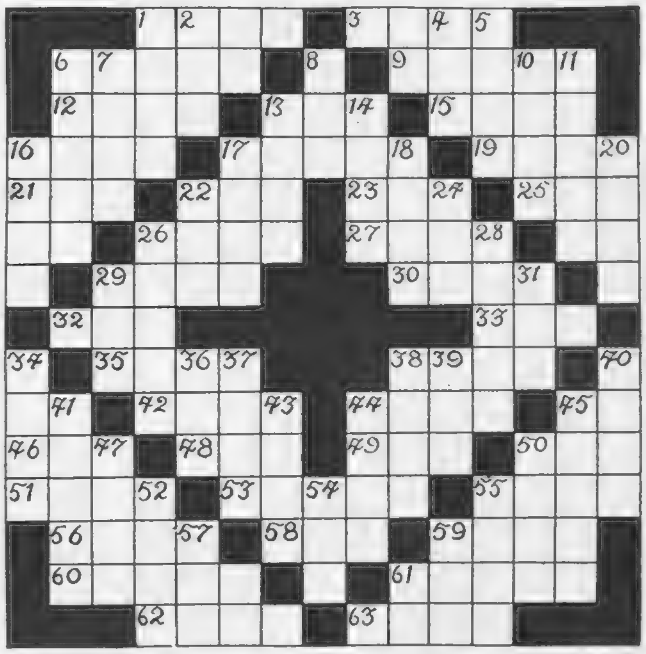
An Ironical Portrait. Miss Macaulay quotes largely from the pamphlets, and with reason. As a prose-writer, Milton was most unequal: at his best unsurpassed, at his worst well-nigh unreadable. Miss Macaulay has pulled out the plums, magnificent, full-blooded extracts, the ripe fruit of Milton's disgust with Mary and the passion for individual liberty which always lent wings to his pen. She tries to be just to him, but she does not share his views on republicanism, anti-clericalism, Puritanism, the subjection of women; and her destructive irony plays waspishly round the incredibly humourless, self-complacent, egoistic, intolerant figure of the poet. His stature does not diminish under her attacks, nor does Miss Macaulay mean it should: after all, one cannot successfully be disrespectful to the Equator. When Miss Macaulay comes to "Paradise Lost" her heart almost fails her—

"Paradise Lost." In a book of small compass one scarcely dares to comment on *Paradise Lost*; such an occupation would, if given its head, fill a large volume, and, indeed, has extremely often done so. The fascinations of this huge, baroque, classic, romantic, Catholic, Protestant, devil-haunted, learned, amusing, derivative, unique fairy-tale are inexhaustible.

In this catalogue of epithets Miss Macaulay contrives to tell us a good deal about the greatest of English epics, and those who are interested in Milton mainly for his poetry will not read her pages in vain. But on the whole she is less concerned with literary criticism than with biography. At its best Milton's art is above criticism, but his life and his opinions still leave plenty of room for interpretation and the awarding of praise and blame. At first I was inclined to think that Miss Macaulay had been mis-cast for the rôle of Milton's biographer; she disagrees with him in opinion, she differs from him temperamentally. It is not only his lack of humour that provokes her irony; his very seriousness, which has such different sources from hers, moves her irresistibly to flippancy. The most sympathetic portrait (it is a platitude to say it) is usually the truest. Miss Macaulay's sketch leaves the impression of a decidedly disagreeable character; yet it must have had some redeeming features, for "Milton's company was [she admits] esteemed and found agreeable." "I never," said one of his biographers, "ever heard that he was by any called morose." And Aubrey says he was "of a very cheerful humour. He would be cheerful even in his gout-fits, and sing." Still, whatever its limitations arising out of imperfect sympathy, there is no doubt that Miss Macaulay has written a brilliant and infinitely readable book.

"For Ever Dies?" One has read so many novels dealing with the modern world, its vices and virtues, its problems and the steps it is taking to solve those problems, that there seems little more to be said. I own that I took up "For Ever Dies?" without much hope of finding a new pattern in this rather threadbare theme. But I did. Mr. Taylor's hero is a young man who belongs properly neither to the pre-war nor the post-war generation. The formative years of his life were before the war: the war cut short his development, and stultified it. A sensitive child, the son of a drunken father and a shallow, feckless mother, he endured agonies of humiliation at school; he never really enjoyed the security of outlook that, rightly or wrongly, one imagines was the possession of the Edwardian era. But he had, by his own exertions and the goodwill of one or two people who liked him, come to terms with life. He had managed to escape from the squalor of his home life, religion and religious experience were a consolation and support to him, sex did not trouble him unduly, and he had made a little position for himself on a provincial newspaper. All these gains were swept away by the war, and he could not, and did not

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Addicted to waggery.
3. Break-out in reverse.
6. Funereal suit.
9. Climax of packing.
12. Drawing it is usually imperative.
13. Accompanies temperament adjectivally.
15. Went on four legs—not his own.
16. Not a marrying man.
17. Got up or let off.
19. Sticky for steamers.
21. Common in the Commons.
22. Surprise or a sneer is indicated.
23. Turn strength into weakness.
25. Corporal perhaps.
26. Beat it!
27. Skirt without a woman.
29. In it, worr ; out of it, content.
30. Kind of bird.
32. Kept on the chain.
33. A well-known party's initials.
35. Scoff.
38. The worst thing about whisky.
42. This woman was a lady's maid.
44. Feast.
46. Letters that change courses.
48. Due to rotation.
49. Courtly accomplishment.
50. Is in the plural.
51. We have only one, but there may be others.
53. Has a nutty flavour.
55. Somewhere in Scotland.
56. Marriage is one.
58. The climber's dream.
59. Four-handed affair.
60. Ornament of the Church.
61. Equally striking in wax or wood.
62. Emanations from No. 51.
63. My godfathers! Lead me to it!

DOWN.

1. The bane of democracy.
2. Tot up.
4. Early title.
5. A bit of a handicap.
6. Shakespeare attached some to a lady.
7. Commonly halved in bars.
8. "And with new-spangled ——— flames . . ."
10. Scene of eviction.
11. Involves loss of blood.
13. One might call this very minute.
14. It's got to be done.
16. Heavy-headed.
17. Close.
18. Quicker by air.
20. Enhances brilliance.
22. All my eye!
24. After three in the wood.
26. Not creditable.
28. Invariably worn.
29. Ends in No. 1 across.
31. Bridge is indicated.
34. Popular production.
36. Good before a dance.
37. Off colour.
38. Coffee for one.
39. A little previous.
40. Appearance.
41. Books of these were formerly kept.
43. Two of No. 22 down.
44. Historic river.
45. Favoured with a large share of personality.
47. Apply the scissors.
50. One might do it with aid.
52. Frequent in Mrs. Beeton.
54. Comes to him who can wait.
55. Get No. 36 of.
57. Christian still going strong.
59. Retreat.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, February 5, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page IV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

want to, subscribe to the new standard of values, or absence of such standard, that obtained among the younger generation.

The Post-War Generation. He thought of some of them now, with a kind of angry humour. Unless one could talk motor-cycles, or games, or understand the jargon of the cinema or dance hall, one simply could not find a point of contact with their minds. Their fear of enthusiasms, the spirit of absolute boredom with which they regarded even their admittedly chief interests in life, these things repelled him.

Arthur was much less of a prig than he sounds. He was more capable than most of us of formulating his grievances, and it is this which gives his book its value as a social document; the differences between our generation and the last have seldom been more clearly or more fairly stated. And if at times the dialogue reads a little like a report of the proceedings of a debating society, it is none the worse for that. In most novels which attempt to grapple with such problems, each party's grounds of complaint against the other are left much too vague. Arthur, occupying an uncomfortable middle position, sympathising with both but getting emotional and mental support from neither, is an appealing figure. One likes him for himself; one respects him for his fundamental seriousness and honesty. "For Ever Dies?" is a thoughtful, interesting, provocative novel, unpretentious and sincere, and Mr. Taylor is to be congratulated on it.

This "off-the-screen" portrait of ROBERT LYNEN, the wonderful French boy-actor, shows him with his MOTHER. His latest picture, "Le Petit Roi," is an enormous success at the Rialto. His previous "hit" was "Poil de Carotte."

"Christmas Tree." "Christmas Tree" has an original and ingenious idea. We are shown a fashionable florist's shop on Christmas Eve; the harassed assistants are hurrying about, trying to stem the rush of last-minute purchasers. Among them is Miss Heath, who hastily sells half-a-dozen Christmas trees to customers all of very different types, some obscure, others well known to her and the world at large. Coming home she discusses with a friend the probable parties each several tree is to grace. Her conjectures are, for the most part, wide of the truth, as Lady Eleanor Smith proceeds to show. She follows each tree to its destination—the home of a young married couple living on their friends; the lodgings of a lonely German school-mistress; the town house of a peer who is on bad terms with his wife; a London hospital; a theatre; a restaurant; a film star's sitting-room. In each case she describes the circumstances that prompted the purchase of the tree; it is usually (I need hardly say) a love-token, though seldom symbolising the same kind of love.

The book is therefore virtually a collection of short stories, to which Christmas, and the varying manifestations of the Christmas spirit, afford a loose sort of unity. The stories are quite well done and display genuine versatility of conception: "Madame Lenosova" is perhaps the most effective, and "Fräulein Haussemann" the most moving. But none is of outstanding merit, and we grow a little tired of the recurrence of the Christmas tree *motif*. One Christmas tree is all very well, but a whole clump, however cunningly varied their decoration, become a trifle monotonous.

Jean Bourdichon. Jean Bourdichon was a Court painter who flourished at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was a miniaturist in whose work, "for the last time the art of the Middle Ages, but lightly touched by the luxury of Italy, was manifest in all its tenderness, purity, and candour." His subjects were usually, though not always, religious: his illustrations for "The Hours of Anne of Brittany" constitute his *chef-d'œuvre*; but he was also a portrait painter of distinction, and shared with Titian and others the honour of recording the features of that great patron of art, Francis I. The date of his death is uncertain. Mr. Mac Gibbon suggests that, towards the end of his life, love of money (many of the sums he received are recorded in this amazingly well-documented book) corrupted his æsthetic impulse. That may be so; but the pictures reproduced show a tender, sensitive, imaginative spirit. Mr. Mac Gibbon's erudite and splendidly-produced book is meant in the main for students; but its illuminating side-lights on the life of the times—especially of the school of artists established in Tours—will make it a valuable addition to the library of anyone interested in painting and its history.

MR. BRIAN D. L. THOMAS, of the Byam Shaw School of Drawing and Painting, has been awarded the Rome Scholarship in Mural Painting, 1934. The subject was a scheme for the decoration of a Music Room, plans of which were supplied by candidates. Mr. Thomas is shown by part of his design for one wall, which is on view at the Imperial Institute, together with the works submitted in the competitions for the Rome Scholarships in mural painting, sculpture, and engraving.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Milton. By Rose Macaulay. (*Duckworth; 2s. od.*)
For Ever Dies? By C. R. O. Taylor. (*Lincoln Williams; 7s. 6d.*)
Christmas Tree. By Lady Eleanor Smith. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Jean Bourdichon. A Court Painter of the Fifteenth Century. Printed for the Author.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.
"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.
"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.
"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Henry VIII. brought to life by Frank Vosper.
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"THAT 'S A PRETTY THING" (Daly's). 8.15.—Lively musical farce by Stanley Lupino. George Gee; a diamond necklace with several replicas; and theft.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—Leslie Hensonic farce with music; plus Robertson Hare, Zelma O'Neal, Sidney Fairbrother, and Marjorie Brooks.

"NYMPH ERRANT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—James Laver's novel, with music and decoration. Gertrude Lawrence.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn, excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy, lets out his sinister secret in the third act.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting by well-cast company. Ernest Thesiger, Dorice Fordred, Robert Donat, Bruce Belfrage.

"QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum). 2 and 7.30 daily. Pantomime in the Lyceum tradition, with George Jackley and Naughton and Gold.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.
"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.
"FRESH FIELDS" (Criterion). 8.30.—Comedy. Lilian Braithwaite, Ellis Jeffreys.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"I 'M NO ANGEL" (Carlton).—Mae West.
"LIEBELEI" (Academy Cinema).—A fine screen version of Schnitzler's famous play.
"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (New Gallery).—Margaret Kennedy's "best-seller" brought to the screen with beauty and sincerity.
"LITTLE WOMEN" (Regal).—Dramatisation of Louisa M. Alcott's "classic," starring Katharine Hepburn.
"DESIGN FOR LIVING" (Plaza).—A Lubitsch variation on a Noel Coward theme.
"THE INVISIBLE MAN" (Tivoli).—Camera magic in a well-balanced "thriller" based on H. G. Wells's book.
"MALA THE MAGNIFICENT" (Empire).—Engrossing drama of Eskimo life.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"I COVER THE WATER-FRONT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Claudette Colbert and the late Ernest Torrence in colourful melodrama.
"ANNA AND ELISABETH" (Cinema House).—Sensitive performance by Hertha Thiele in a German picture.
"LE PETIT ROI" (Rialto).—Robert Lynen on a Ruritanian throne.
"AUNT SALLY" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Cicely Courtneidge as a cabaret star.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"MASTER OF MEN" (Capitol).—Jack Holt and Fay Wray in the romance of a Wall Street climber.

A charmingly simple hat with a closely stitched upturned brim through which is thrust two gaily coloured quills. This is a Rose Valois model.

The evening hat is coming to stay, for it perfectly complements the new sophisticated dinner dresses. Marcelle Rose puts frills of tulle behind a gilded halo.

SCAIONI

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

THERE seems little doubt about it. Whether or not we take kindly to them, brimless hats can no longer be ignored. Day by day one meets a few more, and soon it seems safe to prophesy that they will be seen everywhere. Like the little girl in the nursery rhyme—"When they are nice, they are very, very nice"—but they certainly are distressingly frank. Unless one can face the world with confidence, one's plight is sad. The very worst plan is to wrinkle one's forehead over the problem. A far, far better thing is to pay a visit to Mrs. Pomeroy, at 29, Old Bond Street, W., where a most satisfying facial treatment (that only costs 6s. 6d.) will set one on the right road, after which only a little patience and regular attention will be needed. During the half-hour devoted to this treatment, the face is thoroughly cleansed, the muscles are toned up, and a perfect make-up is applied.

Each night Pomeroy Skin Food should be gently massaged into the skin, for it thoroughly cleanses, soothes, and nourishes it. Just a very light film may be left on the face when one goes to bed. Davos is a richer and heavier cream which is made specially to combat wrinkles and for excessively dry skins. In the morning the face should be washed in tepid water softened with a specially prepared oatmeal and afterwards sprayed with an astringent—either the Tonic Lotion or Eau des Fleurs, which is very mild.

A white or pink Date Cream forms the powder foundation, unless one prefers to use Liline, which is a cream and powder combined. Then comes the rouge—and it is an excellent plan to have a treatment, if only to learn where this should be placed. There is a marvellous tangerine powder compact which disguises small broken veins in the cheeks and nose, and a new range of powders which blend perfectly with every type of skin. Absolutely pure and wonderfully effective, these preparations will work an immediate transformation and will keep the skin lastingly fresh and radiant.

OUR hair is another thing that will require careful attention during the next few months, for every phase of the spring fashions throws it into prominence. Not only do hats reveal it to a greater extent than for a very long time past; the dresses that we shall wear in the evening call for coiffures that are either dramatically elaborate or deceptively youthful.

Only if the scalp is perfectly healthy can really satisfactory results be achieved. Scurf or dandruff are perhaps the commonest ailment, and more than any other they undermine the healthy action of the hair organs. The hair may struggle against these conditions for a time, but unless they be corrected they must inevitably lead to premature baldness and discoloration, for they fill up the ducts and pores of the scalp and impede them in the performance of their work, which is to relieve the blood vessels of impurities.

Fortunately, such a remedial treatment exists. When once the nerve energy is revivified and the circulation of the minute blood vessels of the scalp is strengthened, the hair resumes, with its normal health, its natural colour and abundance. To do this a genial and continuous excitation of the skin of the scalp is needed. Strong irritants should be carefully avoided, for they inflame the scalp without stimulating it. It is the aromatic and medicinal products of the vegetable kingdom which provide the desired action.

A most interesting booklet, entitled "The Human Hair," is published by Professor Harley Parker, and will be sent for 6d. post free if application is made to J. Harley Parker, 117, St. George's Road, Belgravia, S.W.1. It is full of interesting information about the hair—the care that it needs when it is healthy, and the treatment it urgently requires in disease—and it deals fully with the reasons why it falls off or turns grey, while suggesting proven remedies for such conditions.

SPRING MODES STRESS THE BEAUTY OF HAIR AND SKIN

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

The perfect coiffure is as many-faceted as a precious stone, for it has to fulfil many demands. It must be capable of adaptation, because day and evening modes are very different: and at this moment especially it must look equally attractive from every viewpoint, since hats either tilt well forward, revealing the whole of the back of the head, or sit well back, throwing the front of the hair into prominence.

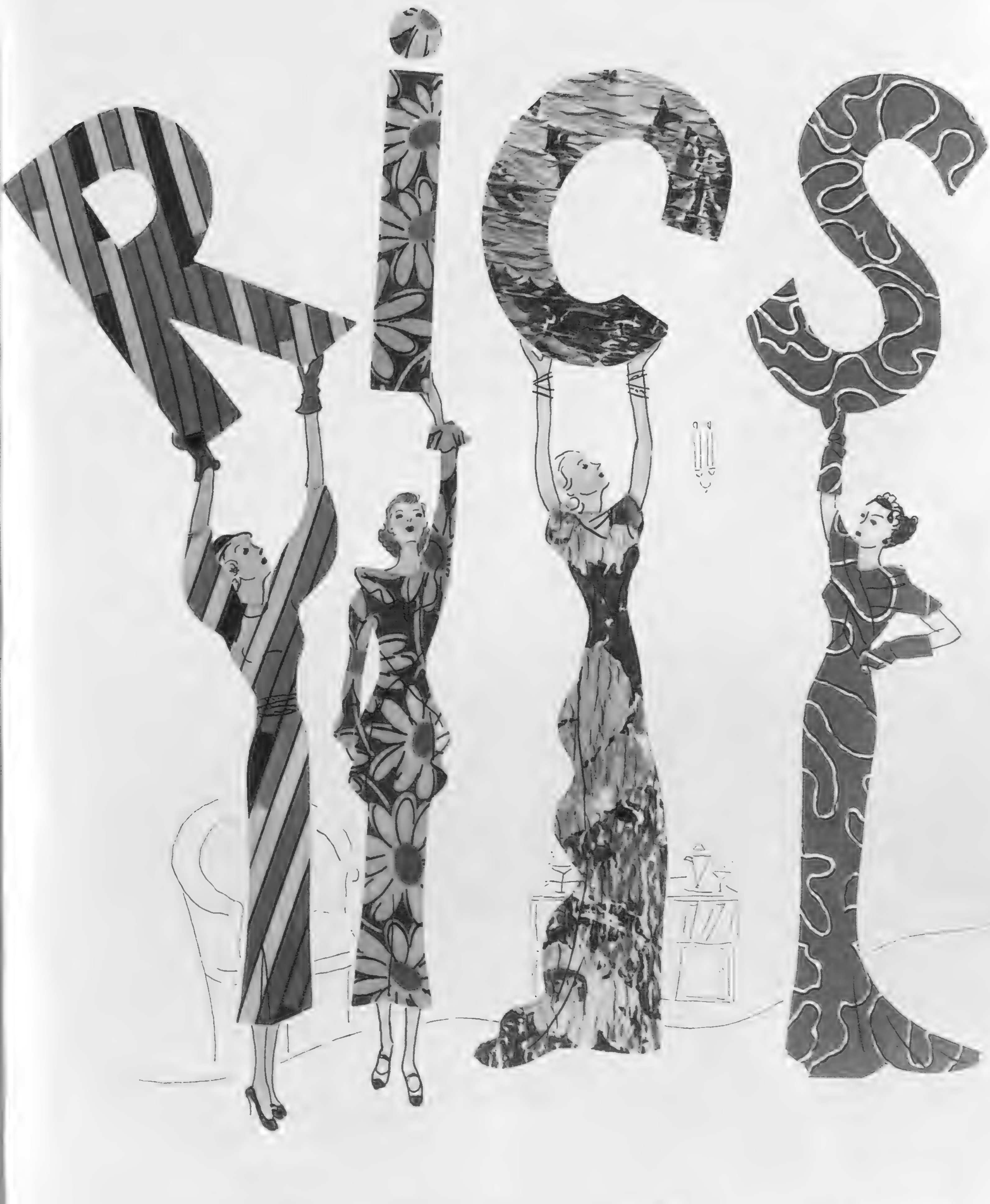
The very lovely coiffure shown on this page has been created by Vasco, of 16, Dover Street, W. It is the latest version of the plastic fashion which M. Vasco launched eighteen months ago, and the hair is so skilfully cut that it always falls back into position, no matter how much it may be combed. Actually, if the hair is worn sleek, it need not be combed at all until the hair is washed again. A very soft brush will keep it lustrous, and there will literally never be a hair out of place.

A sensitive artist who is able to emphasise the beauty of any face, M. Vasco creates coiffures that are absolutely individual, for he studies not only the shape of the head, but the whole personality of his sitter.

Rodier's Plumilap Argenté Strié, a neutral coloured lightweight crêpe weave woollen fabric with a contrasting spot accented by a metal thread. From Debenham and Freebody.

Lesur's Arabics are made from cotton and linen or cotton and animal hair. This one is a beige and natural coloured cotton and linen with a coral check. From Marshall and Snelgrove.

A crêpe weave frosted wool dress material with a matching coat fabric with long hairs on the surface and a broken check design in heavier threads. From Debenham & Freebody.



Slanting stripes in three contrasting or subtly graded colours on a crêpe-de-Chine ground. This costs 18s. 11d. a yard at Woolland Bros.

A two-toned daisy design with a contrasting centre. Crêpe-de-Chine again, in many fascinating colours. Price 18s. 11d. a yard at Woolland Bros.

Fleur des Blés, a riotously coloured artificial silk fabric with a ciré finish and puckered surface. It costs 23s. 9d. a yard at Woolland Bros.

Compliqué, a pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine in emerald, scarlet, tan or black, with a contrasting scroll design. The price is 12s. 9d. a yard at Harvey Nichols.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

The Cottesmore met recently at Burton Lazars, when this snapshot of MRS. C. HILTON GREEN, MRS. W. E. LESLIE, MR. C. HILTON GREEN (Master of the Cottesmore), and LORD BARNBY was taken.

Further Freezing. Leicestershire has seized up again, and it's just too hard. All went white in a single night, making the going very treacherous with the Cottesmore from Burton Lazars. It was barely fit to hunt, and no move could be made till after twelve. Owing to the much regretted death of Lady Robert Manners, the Duke of Rutland's hounds did not hunt, so a large-sized Belvoir expedition was added to the usual swollen Cottesmore Saturday corps. The long wait cooled them down a bit, but drawing blank to start with didn't help, and by the time a fox was found in Berry Gorse the inter-hunt spirit was well developed. Had there been a chance of really sitting down to ride, honour would have demanded the most desperate deeds! One of Little Dalby's tree foxes saved the day from complete gloom, but he clearly knew there was no hurry; over-riding was bad, everyone being anxious for a "Flat-spin," though, owing to noble field-masterly efforts, hounds had always at least a bottle-necked opening to hunt through.

Star Day with the Quorn. Following their meet at Queniborough the day before, the Quorn brought off a real coup. The first fox filled the bill of pipe-opener for a shortish ten minutes, after which hounds went to Barkby Holt for the hunt of the season; the way in which they ran made one think furiously of frosty possibilities to follow. After aiming at Beeby, they turned through Prince of Wales's Covert to Baggrave over the brook, calling at all the "best" houses — *i.e.*, through Hungarton to Quenby and Lowesby, the pack raced on into the Cottesmore country, by Whadborough, through Owston Wood to Knossington, where their first-class pilot got to ground. For those who know the neighbourhood, these names testify to this extra-special occasion, and their mouths will water over the line taken. Second horses never turned up, being out-distanced by miles, so hounds went home at the conclusion of this super hunt, leaving their "followers" to crow or gnash their teeth, according to their several attainments.

The HON. MRS. COLIN SMITH, sister of Lord Hotham, was photographed leaving Beverley (Yorkshire) Cottage Hospital, where she has been laid up for three weeks as the result of a hunting accident with the Middleton.

Dancing Time. The Grantham Ball was a great success, and fashion notes straight from the horse's mouth described Miss Primrose Salt as giving a London savour, smartly rugged-up in green velvet with a head-stall of black and gold. The three best in the light-weight class were Lady Brownlow, Lady Conyers, and Mrs. Donnie Player; though since her accident the last-named has lost her staying power, and has sadly had to scratch all hunting engagements for the rest of the season. Amongst the two-year-olds, débutantely speaking, Miss Verona Lockett took the eye, and Miss Malise Wilson was attractive in white, with scarlet girth and numnah. Mrs. George Payner made a most efficient clerk of the course; Captain Philip Donner brought some dark horses in his string, who went very well; and Lady Enid Turnor also had collected runners from different parts of the country. A good deal of neighing went on about feeding time, but before long nose-bags were satisfactorily fitted to all. Adjacent hunts' representatives included the Misses Paravicini, always good entries in any party; Lord Barnby, Colonel and Mrs. Bertram Abel-Smith, and a full muster from the Seely stable.

A "Beaufort-shire" Budget. A "werry windy day" did not deter the mixed pack from running like smoke on the Dunkirk Wednesday, thereby disconcerting all the prophets of evil who are so sapient about these things. Anyway, a small field enjoyed themselves prodigiously over the nice bit of country between Colonel Algy Stanley's covert at Sopworth and Knockdown, which is good galloping and not too stiffly bunkered! Hounds accounted for their fox when they went back into Badminton Park and reached Bullpark. This was the best of the day, but there was another hunt into the gale, which was increasing all the time, from Allengrove, below the south side of the park, to Centre Walk and Withymore, then back in reverse, and so to Luckington, where the storm defeated the endeavour. Thursday, from Kington Langley, was a bustling sort of occasion, when a keen little following, very much on the ride, and quite undeterred by complicated obstacles, got a lot of value out of the day, especially in a good hunt from Draycot, past Seagry towards Dauntsey. Tom killed his fox "handsomely," by the River Avon, near Lower Seagry. The soldiers went down like ninepins in the morning, and young Lord Shelburne had a nasty one when the cob caught his toes in a grip and turned turtle on the flat—but they carried on and finished the day.

The HON. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR and LADY ANN BRIDGEMAN were out with the Cottesmore when they met at Burton Lazars. Mr. Astor is Lord and Lady Astor's eldest son, and Lady Ann Bridgeman is the Earl of Bradford's second daughter.

Day-and-Night Gaieties. The Bristol Squadron of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars—now, poor dears, turned into an armoured-car company (which seems a horrid departure from their former glories)—gave a ball Thursday night, at the Berkeley Café. The Duchess of Beaufort took a large party, and wore a brocade frock, with a coatee of her favourite blue brocade. Her brother, Lord Frederick Cambridge, was with her; also Colonel and Mrs. Frank Mitchell (he commands the Yeomanry), Lord Apsley, Captain and Mrs. Derrick Gunston, Colonel Turner (one of the Joint-Masters of the Berkeley), and Miss Diana Turner, also the "Bingo" Lowsley-Williamses.

Friday's hunting from Burton was great fun over the walls, and a lovely, sunny day made the pageant extra-splendiferous, a very large and smart field, with lots of scarlet fluttering amongst the blue, appearing very gay in such a dazzle. It was a steeplechase over walls from Shirrell Bottom to the Lowndes Covert. Rather a curious turn subsequently, described by Our Cynic as a "*hare*-pin bend"! Still, the fox was eventually added to the tally, and there was a subsequent dart at terrific pace into ye woodes and hilles, from Burton New Covert to the Castlecombe dingle-dongle-dells, right through to Wraxall Park.

Saturday, from Fosse Lodge, was scentless and overcrowded, the majority getting bored with pounding on and pulling up, during two very protracted hound-hunts, which were really admirable expositions of Art and Science defying Difficulty, don't-you-know; but most of the moderns caring only for pace, their satisfaction remained the economical slimming which saved a Turkish bath, for it was very hot work at times in such a sun! Mrs. Jack Gibbs had a terrible fall on tarmac in the evening hunt, when quite near home in Badminton village. She was unconscious, and at first fears of grave injury were entertained; but fortunately later reports proved reassuring, and she is now making good progress.

I want

● well, frankly, I want a car to be smart and stay pretty clean. And I don't want to have to mess about under the bonnet every time I go out. Yes, I suppose I do like to be able to pass Mrs. T. in her so-called "sports." She glares so.

● speed and pep and plenty of safety. I like the black looks in my crush at the "Five Feathers" when I show 'em the "Daily Thingumbob" every other day about Rileys scooping the pool at these trials and things. Now, listen—I did Newbury to Brighton yesterday in . . . must you go?

● to hear nothing at all about cars. Simkins at the garage puts the petrol in, I believe. Yes, I own a Riley because it's an engineering job, properly designed as I see it, and Pre-selectagear makes it peacefully simple to drive. Heavens, no! I write books about butterflies.

● a business proposition, even though I use my car mainly for pleasure. My Riley depreciates at about the rate of my place in Surrey—and maybe I'll sell *that* at a profit one of these days. Yes, I really bought it for my daughter, but I decided I'd drive it myself.

● a real motor car. I've been in the trade all my life—accessories. Since I've had my Riley I cover my ground four times instead of three every quarter; and it's about the one bus you can drive up to another manufacturer's without offending 'em. In fact, the buyer at "Speed-Fours" Ltd. told me he'd drive one himself if he wasn't making cars, too.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"TAKES a lot of courage to follow these gold shares now, don't you think?"

"I don't know about the courage, but what I do know is that you want plentiful supplies of cash. And all my capital is locked up in stuff I don't want to sell."

"Why not?"

"Because the good things are likely to go better, and the dud stuff 's too low to make it worth selling. Any further details you 'd care to have?"

"You haven't got any dud stuff."

"Never rub salt upon an open wound. I 've just cut a pair of ponies on some—oh, never mind. The shares are gone now, and I daresay the buyer will make a small fortune out of them."

"You 've probably made ten times as much on other things as you 've lost on these."

"Might have done. Then again, I might not. Brokers can make more money for their clients than they can for themselves."

Another broker assented. "That's because we get so busy over clients' business that we simply have no time to think about our own."

"Please, Sir, may I come and be one of your clients?"

The broker looked quizzically at the last speaker.

Another man recalled the classical case of the candidate for Stock Exchange membership who forgot to warn his sureties of the conventional question—"Would you take his cheque for two thousand pounds in the ordinary course of business?"

When the Committee asked, the surety candidly replied: "Well, I shouldn't pick it out."

Our Stroller seemed to be the only one of the party who had not heard this story before. His laughter drew an immediate attention which he found slightly embarrassing. Discreetly, he faded into the Nickel Market.

Where, of all places in the House, a lively discussion was raging around rubber shares.

"Too many false starts for me to trust the market very far," was one opinion.

"And what you want to buy, you can't get," a youthful member complained.

"After all, you can't hurt with Rubber Trusts and Malayalams."

"Devitural is a good one. Tea and rubber, you know."

"I 've a fancy for Lumut. And Harrisons and Crosfield deferred."

"Why not United Serdang?"

"Very good, of course, but costs are a bit high."

"The Company paid a dividend a month or so ago. Much to my surprise, I don't mind admitting, as a holder much higher up."

"Roosevelt and Restriction for Rubber!" exclaimed a dealer. "Good old Roosie!"

"Pal of mine was telling me last night that one of the big noises in Wall Street went to the President and remonstrated with him over the new American Securities Act, or whatever they call it. Said that Roosevelt would kill Stock Exchange business if he weren't careful."

"Who 's your pal?"

"A friend of mine just back from New York. And he says that Roosevelt told this chap, straight out, that the new Act wasn't nearly as strict as the English Companies Laws are."

"Compliments to us!"

"And, moreover, that he, the President didn't intend to rest satisfied until he had made the American Companies Acts as fair to the general public as the English Acts are. Nasty jar for the Wall Street magnate, eh?"

"Yes, if it 's true."

"I tell you that it 's absol—— Oh, look at this confounded light!"

He pointed to the electric indicator, where an illuminated number, his own, was winking in and out like a distracted star. Off he dashed to discover who wanted him.

"—not the ordinary. The debenture may be all right, but Dorman Long shares are, I should say, expensive."

"Hadfields should pay you better now that the shipbuilding revival seems to be coming along at last."

"I bought Guest Keens for people who don't make many mistakes. Matter of time, but that Company will do well again, or I 'm a Dutchman."

"Pity you 're not. We might get some useful tips about rubber shares if you came from Amsterdam."

"I 'll tell you a couple of good ones, anyway. Simo Rubber and Hevea Trust."

"Never heard of either."

"That 's a grave handicap for the shares, of course; but you 'll find I 'm right."

"Trying to be funny? Because, if you are, I will endeavour to get your humour paragraphed."

"The saints forfend! I hate personal publicity——"

"I wonder why House men dislike it so much," remarked a broker. "Fellows in other professions don't mind it; but, in here, well——!"

"I 've always thought it was because of the rule that members are not allowed to advertise. The rule has been so drilled into us that it 's as much a part of our make-up as a jobbing-book is. If——"

"Anybody know American Celanese?" demanded a broker, hurrying by. One of the jobbers quoted him an eighth price. "In not too many," he added hastily.

Our Stroller caught the price. "Why," said he to his broker, "there 's a profit on those shares you bought me at the end of last year. What did I give for them?"

"I forget. Under seven, wasn't it? Want to turn them out?"

"I think so. It 's a good profit, anyway. And I want to buy East Rand Consols."

"Gamble, you know."

"I do. So I 'm going slowly at first."

"You will have to wait for a profit."

"Don't mind if I do. What are they to-day?"

The two men skirted the Rhodesian Market, stopping to listen to the excitement in the adjacent West African department.

"That 's where the money is being coined," said the broker. "People have made fortunes during the last two or three weeks."

"They deserve to, after waiting so long for that market to wake up."

"I 've told you several times that Gold Coast Selection Trusts were sure to have a big rise sooner or later."

"Sort of tip I don't appreciate."

"Very few people do. They insist upon having shares that will rise in about two minutes after they 've bought. Post-war impatience, my boy. You are all in too much of a hurry."

"Oh, don't be mid-Victorian! Haven't I just told you I am content to put away East Rand Consols for a bit?"

"Maybe you 're right. I bought myself Nigel Gold with the same idea. Grootvlei is another long shot. Not much market, but one day——"

"If only we were getting younger instead of older!"

"It 's no use jobbing backwards. You and I have been at this game too long to play at vain regrets. Sold your Vancouver Breweries yet?"

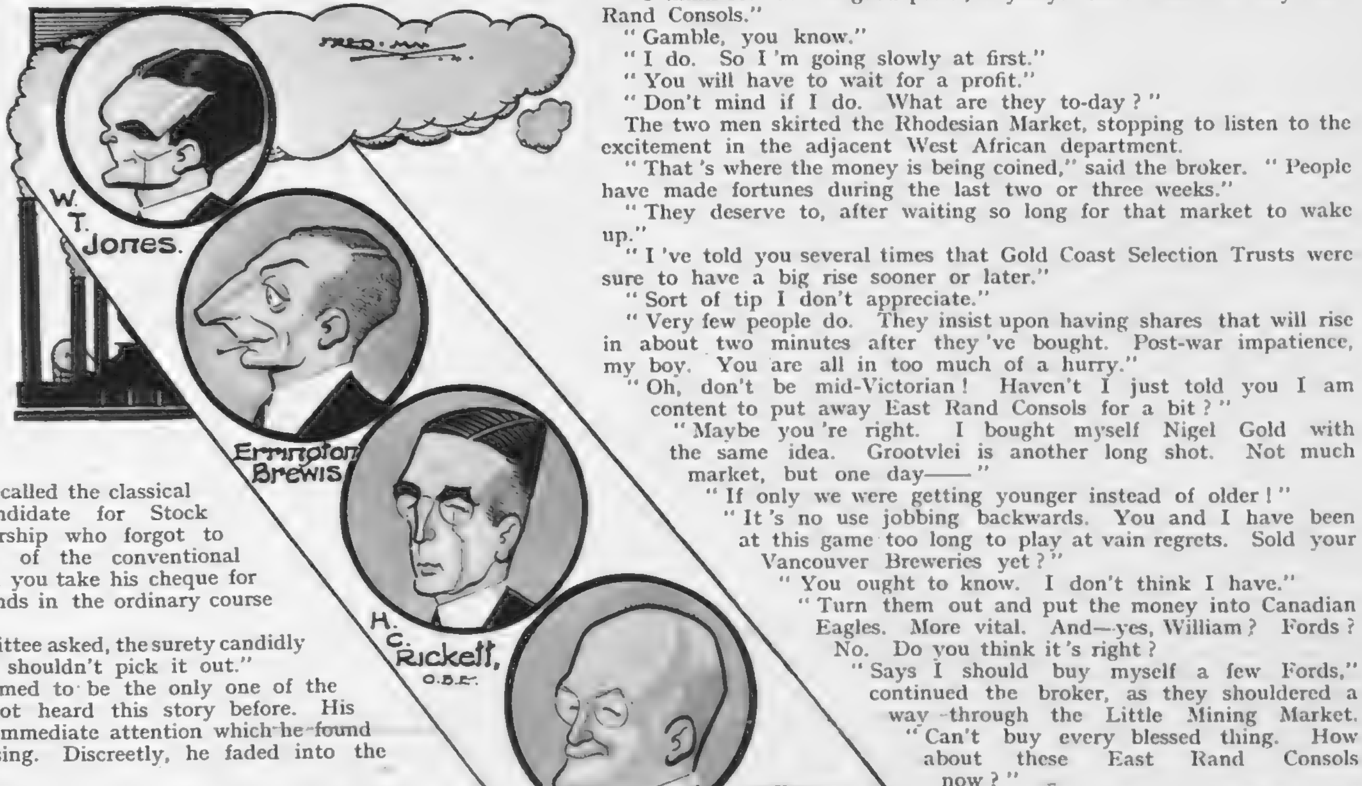
"You ought to know. I don't think I have."

"Turn them out and put the money into Canadian Eagles. More vital. And—yes, William? Fords? No. Do you think it 's right?"

"Says I should buy myself a few Fords," continued the broker, as they shouldered a way through the Little Mining Market. "Can't buy every blessed thing. How about these East Rand Consols now?"

And when they had settled this item, they turned their attention, like the white-bearded gentleman, to getting Younger.

Friday, Jan. 26, 1934.



These sketches of prominent heads of the COAL INDUSTRY were made by Fred May at a gathering of the Coal Trade Benevolent Association. MR. W. T. JONES is the Secretary of the Coal Trade Benevolent Association. MR. HUBERT CECIL RICKETT, O.B.E., is Chairman of Rickett Cockerell and several other companies. MR. SYDNEY F. BOAM is Deputy Chairman of the Whitwick Colliery Company. COLONEL H. JOLLY is a partner in Sargeant Longstaff and Company. MR. S. N. HORNE is a Director of Charrington, Gardner, Locket and Company, and Chairman of the Association. MR. FRANK ADLAM is a partner in T. W. Talbot and Company, and Deputy Chairman of the Association.

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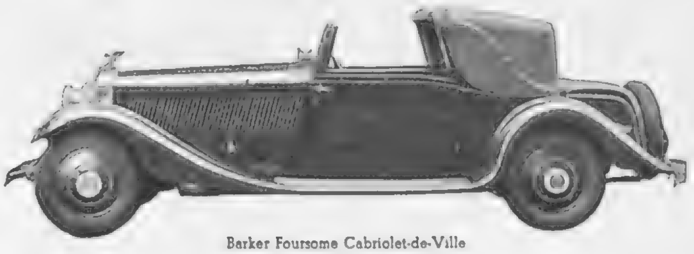

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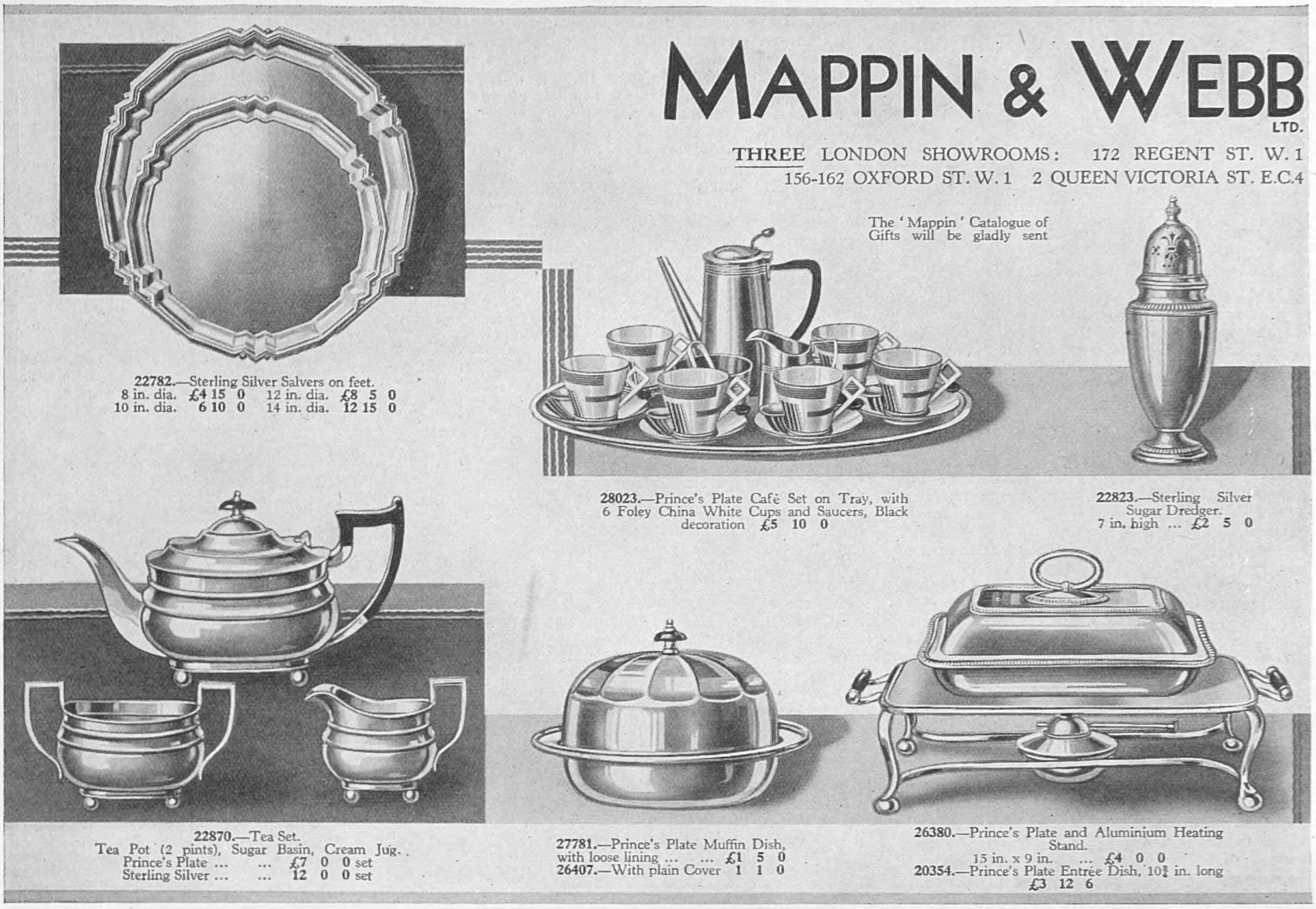
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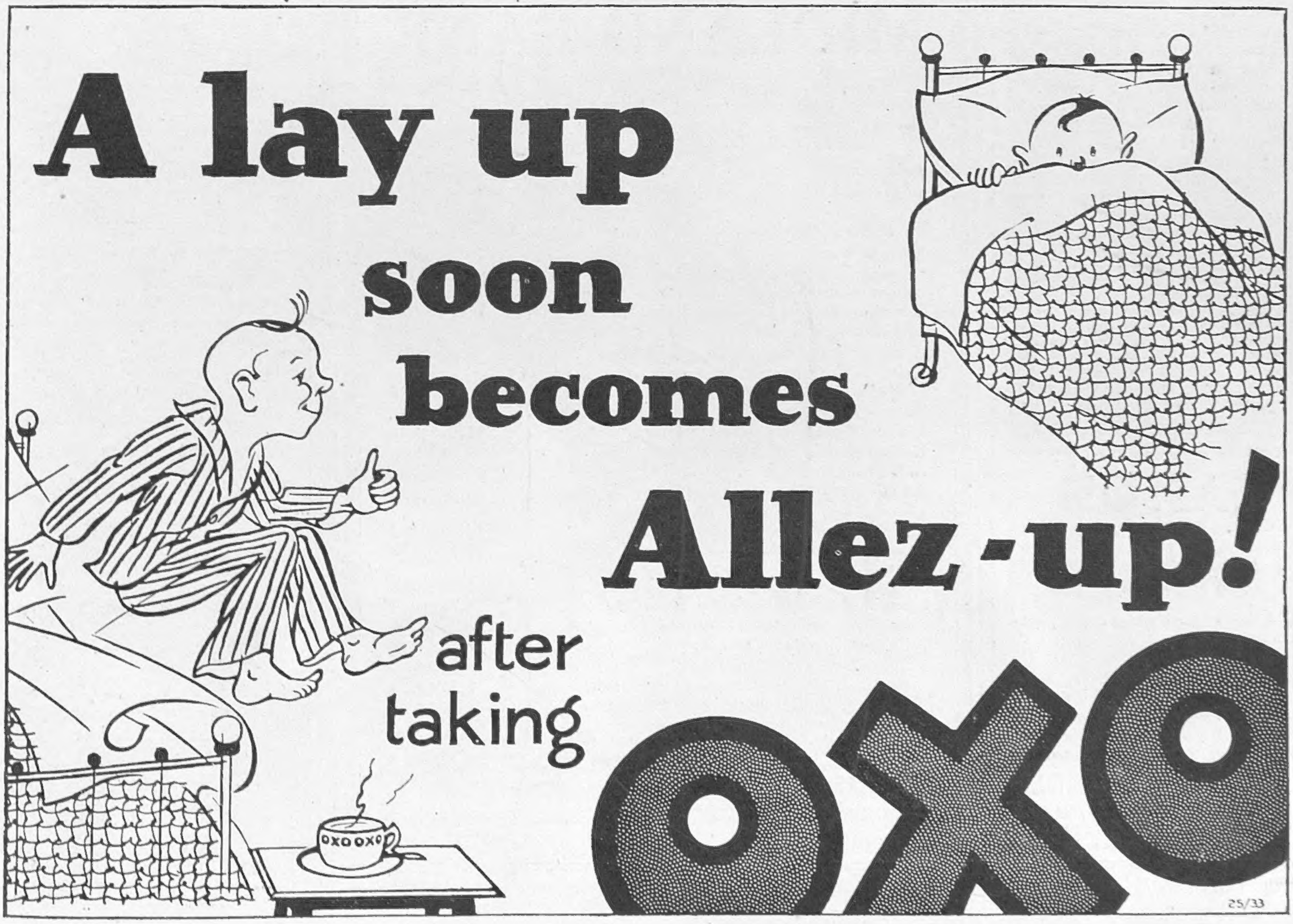
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(See Page 212.) 31/1/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXL.

WHAT WILL THE PORTLAND SAY?

SIR DERRICK WERNHER, President of the American Bridge League, has been kind enough to send me an advance copy of P. Hal Sims's "Conquering Contract." Nothing said about bridge by these authorities (*authorities* is correct, for the work is written in collaboration) can be uninteresting, but what interested me most was a covering letter of Sir Derrick's, which I feel justified in publishing. To start with, I learn that my reverse system is not new; it is, he tells me, "a perversion and exaggeration of Sims's ideas which a number of the younger players have actually been employing, though not quite to the extreme you set forth." (You may remember that my "reverse" is based on a pass with a biddable hand, and the bid of one club on a non-biddable hand.) "It works well until it is known, and then, on the whole, the results go against it." And here was I flattering myself that I was attempting something new and original in contract methods, only to find that it is "an exaggeration of Sims's ideas"! That is a nasty one for me, but I can assure Mr. Sims that I had no idea I was "perverting or exaggerating" his ideas.

What is of more general interest, however, is this master player's new slam try. I quote again: "Goodness knows what the Portland would say to the latest king-showing feature added to the three-bid. Personally, I would not mind if all these devices were made illegal by common consent; but in this country, at any rate, would the people resent any such law-making, as they insist on their right to improve on the accuracy of their slam bidding in whatever legal and ethical manner the experts can produce? . . . Be that as it may, bids locating definite cards are allowed and desired in the States, and we have certainly developed the most deadly and accurate procedure yet put forward."

This is sad reading, for I believe that Mr. Sims himself is agreeable to cut out this card-indicating feature in his system, and the President of the American Bridge League says he would not mind if all these devices were made illegal, yet the former adds (by getting a definite king out of his partner) to his card-showing slam attempts, and the latter sponsors them! Now, nobody has a greater admiration for Mr. Sims than I have, and yet here we find this authority and his collaborator to be illogical and to set up illegal methods (for they are illegal, whether passed by America or not) at one and the same moment. Would the American Bridge League allow me to sit opposite a partner and "develop a most deadly and accurate procedure" for arriving at a slam bid by announcing "Partner, we'll try for a slam." "Right," says my partner, "but I have no aces." "That's a pity! Have you the king of hearts?" "Yes; here he is!" "Good. The bidding ends at six spades." Can you, Sir Derrick, or can you, Mr. Sims, show me any material difference between this conversation and this bidding? Myself "Three spades." Partner "Three no-trumps." Myself "Four clubs." Partner "Five clubs" (showing the king). Myself "Six spades." End! I doubt it, but yet you would not allow such deadly accurate conversation—or would you?

I am still trying to hope (but it becomes more difficult after this king-showing affair) that Mr. Sims's opening three-bid is a comedy bid. Think! To bid three in a suit you must not hold more than three losing tricks, and at the same time you must not hold four aces, nor yet three aces and a void suit! I, personally, have never held the qualifying hand, though once (at auction) I held twelve certain tricks in no-trumps. This hand, however, contained four aces, so it would need more careful bidding at contract! Now come along, you American contractors—you are great card-players, and as such you don't need *all* your cards exposed face upwards on the table—that method, deadly as no doubt it must be, surely knocks a lot of sport out of a friendly game.

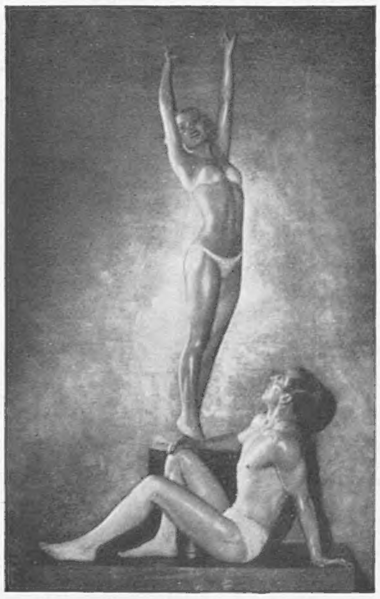
SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JAN. 24.

The verse from Asterisk to Asterisk is "'The Time has come,' the Walrus said, 'To talk of many things, Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings.'"

ACROSS.—13. Hedonists. 16. Elman. 17. I.W. 19. Ness. 20. Used. 21. Anise. 23. Reis. 24. Pera. 25. Droll. 28. Nen. 29. Siloam. 32. Dahlia. 33. Let. 35. Tatler. 36. IO. 37. Sims. 38. Sat. 39. Dein. 40. Tuft. 41. Persia. 43. Ennis. 44. Lois. 45. Gallant. 48. Gas. 49. Russia. 52. Best. 53. Mewl. 55. Ergot. 59. Pi. 60. Annual. 62. Idle. 63. Stead. 64. Me. 65. Islets. 66. Elsom. 68. St.

DOWN.—1. Think. 2. Hewer. 3. Ed. 4. Tonsilitis. 5. Indus. 6. Miss. 7. Aspens. 8. S.E. 9. Clans. 10. Omnipotent. 11. M.A. 12. Enter. 14. Shekels. 15. Tidiness. 18. Sagitta. 22. Oddity. 26. Raoul. 27. Limps. 30. Laden. 31. Menial. 34. Tails. 42. Rabbit. 46. Leads. 47. At. 49. Reams. 50. Urned. 51. Italy. 53. Moss. 54. Extol. 56. Oust. 57. Clef. 58. Felo. 59. Past. 61. Len. 67. M.A.

MISS BEATRICE ROBERTS, 2, Weech Road, Finchley Road, N.W.6, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Jan. 17 to be first opened on Monday morning, Jan. 22. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.



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LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	415,474,036
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,176,005
Engagements	5,657,399
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	42,233,852
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ..	13,821,540
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,035,289
Investments at or under Market Value ..	118,086,369
Bills Discounted	62,828,431
Advances to Customers and other Accounts ..	164,440,337
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,833,404
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches ..	9,540,378
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,106,063
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The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,995,737
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Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	401,286

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